

**Bruce  
Hutchison**

discusses

**THE NEXT U.S.  
PRESIDENT**

COVER BY ED McNALLY

**An immigrant girl's  
view of Canadians**

**A police chief tells  
how killers get caught**

# **MACLEAN'S**

APRIL 23, 1960

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

15 CENTS



**HERE'S  
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REAL  
MAN'S  
ALE...**



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# PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Can doctors blame diabetes for leukemia?
- ✓ Automation's next victims: supermarket cashiers



**NEXT DO-IT-YOURSELF FAD:** a car you buy in cartons, assemble at home with only a wrench, a screwdriver and a set of instructions. York Noble of York Noble Industries Ltd., London, will soon scout Canada for outlets for his Noble 200, a four-passenger, fibre-glass job with a single-stroke German engine. Mileage claimed: 100 per gallon. Interesting option: four or three wheels. Portable price: between \$600 and \$1,000.

**MACLEAN'S NATIONAL REPORT** last October on English-speaking teenagers' attitudes set one student nun in Montreal wondering: how would French-speaking teenagers answer the same questions? Next month, Sister Marie de la Merci of Montreal's Institut de Pédagogie Familiale will start finding out. She'll interview 200 boys and girls, 16 to 20, in Quebec City. She also expects to confirm an impression that's disturbing French Canada: in a few Quebec teenage groups, only *les sots* (squares) speak French in public.

**THE SEARCH FOR A LEUKEMIA CURE** seems likely to take a sudden twist: a new look at diabetes. U.S. pathologist Daniel Stowens reports 25 percent of 285 acute leukemia cases he studied were grandchildren of diabetics. Stowens also suspects that leukemia is not a blood disease but a disease of the whole body that has its "most dramatic effect" on the blood.



**NEW PLAYWRIGHT TO WATCH:** University student Howard Adelman, 22, whose first play, *Root Out of Dry Ground*, begins a 2½-week run next month at Toronto's Crest Theatre. Producer Murray Davis calls *Root* "an emotionally violent play of great merit," and says Adelman has the "determination, thoroughness and talent" to become even greater.

**IF YOU THINK SUPERMARKET** shopping's already too impersonal, brace yourself for more bad news: 1) A big U.S. electronic firm is almost ready with a robot mechanism that'll replace the girl at the check-out counter, 2) Two Regina supermarkets are using recording machines that answer the phone after hours and take down orders for delivery the next day.

**OLD TYCOONS OFTEN BOAST** they started out owning only a desk and chair. New ones don't even need that. Leasing of office equipment is catching on fast in Canada, claims Canadian-Dominion Leasing Corporation, which set up shop in Toronto in mid-'59. Unlike less-versatile lessors of industrial equipment, C-DLC offers "everything from office furniture to jet aircraft." Clients choose whatever they want, send the bill to C-DLC, then pay rent monthly, leaving their own capital free and writing rentals off on income tax. Does this mean a tycoon-to-be needs no capital at all? Not really, says Canadian-Dominion president John Evans: "A sound financial record is important." What about *his* office desk? C-DLC owns it outright.

**CANADIANS WHO THINK AMERICANS** don't know enough about us will soon discover the feeling is mutual. Three years ago, the U.S. Embassy in Ottawa relegated information duties to a junior secretary — as a part-time task. Now with six people on the job there, Uncle Sam's opening a second propaganda office this year — in Toronto.



**KID BROTHER TO WATCH:** Gisele MacKenzie's. He's Georges La Fleche, 24, bilingual singing emcee ("best in Canada," says his producer Neil Harris) and jack-of-all-trades. With his half-hour Winnipeg TV show, *Stage Door*, just ended its 13-week CBC network run, he's keeping an ear cocked for guest bids on other network shows. Invited or not, he's almost sure to take step No. 2 toward the big time: head for Toronto.

## QUEBEC'S LOOK-ALIKE NOVELISTS: WILL SIN WIN OUT IN '60?



Virtue had a head start

BLAIS  
Horror



FRANCE  
Love

**QUEBEC'S** Claire France (real name Claire Morin), 22, and Marie-Claire Blais, 20, have both become overnight celebrities in French-speaking Canada with their first novels. Now they may turn the trick in English.

Look-alikes and now close friends, the young writers both began with poetry in their pre-teens but soon switched to prose. Here the resemblance ends.

Claire France, born in Roberval and now living in France, writes almost plotlessly of good people's tender emotions. Blais, who moved out of her family's Quebec City home after frequent quarrels, writes monstrous horror tales.

So far, the tender people are ahead: Claire France's *Children in Love*, written at 18, sold 30,000 copies in France and went into 11 translations, including English.

But the monsters may catch up when Blais' *La Belle Bête* (*The Beautiful Beast*) comes out in English next fall. It sold 5,000 French copies in its first six weeks in Quebec, arousing interest that could make it a runaway. Though most critics have praised Blais' talent and promise, at least two Roman Catholic groups have condemned her "banal amorality" as "detestable" and dangerous. — MADELEINE ST. HILAIRE

## NEW COPS (SOME PRETTY) TO TAG YOUR CAR

Now "real" police can concentrate on chasing crooks

**POLICE HAVE OFTEN** been taunted publicly for having parking tickets handed out by burly officers who could be out chasing crooks. Now several city forces are finding ways of saving money, manpower—and face:

**Toronto** is making part-time ticket men out of 50 cadet trainees (aged 18½ to 20). They'll tag parking offenders by scooting around on motorcycles, in uniforms distinguishing them from full-fledged police.

**Hamilton** is starting to use some of its 14 police cadets the same way, for meter violations only.

**Edmonton** is using the Canadian Corps of Commissioners as special constables to nab meter violators.

**Ottawa** is training 25 full-fledged lady cops. They'll get the same starting salary (\$3,200 a year) as men but they'll concentrate on writing tickets, leaving the men free for tougher duty. (Tagging cars is tough enough. Montreal's Police Director Albert Langlois says regular policewomen were pulled off the job there five years ago, after several months' trial, because they "couldn't stand up to the rigors.")

**Vancouver** is thinking of copying Seattle's system, where "meter maids" are hired especially to tag cars. If it happens it will be bad news for Vancouver motorists: Seattle's "maids," faced with quotas, compete to see who can write the most tickets.

## WOMEN'S SUITS: INTO MOTHBALLS FOREVER?

For variety's sake, "co-ordinates" are gaining fast

**THE CRISP TAILORED SUIT**, the uniform for a whole generation of emancipated career girls and clubwomen, seems to be going the way of the steel-enforced corset.

While one big Canadian manufacturer, Suitmaker Ltd., boasts of selling 62,000 suits in '59 and predicts equally brisk business through '60, others in the trade claim the suit is already passé. "It will never come back," says Toronto designer Tibor de Nagay. "Even the old ladies won't wear it anymore."

Why not? "Fashion never needs to have any reason for things to change," explains a de Nagay rival, Cornelia. But she offers one immediate cause: "The loose look is in vogue now. Women want everything soft, almost without any shape at all."

Unwilling to see the suit go into mothballs, some big manufacturers hope to save it with new fabrics, styles and sales gimmicks. A few have already devised suit-like substitutes: 1) the stroller suit, with a seven-eighths-length jacket serving as a short coat to go over other costumes; 2) the jacket dress—a short jacket (for office austerity) that's worn over a matching dress that's dressy

enough, on its own, for cocktails or dinner.

But the substitutes gaining the most yardage are "co-ordinates"—un-suit-like arrays of matching, or complementary, items—perhaps one jacket, two skirts, two blouses, one weskit. By mixing them, a girl can produce the right costumes for a dozen occasions.

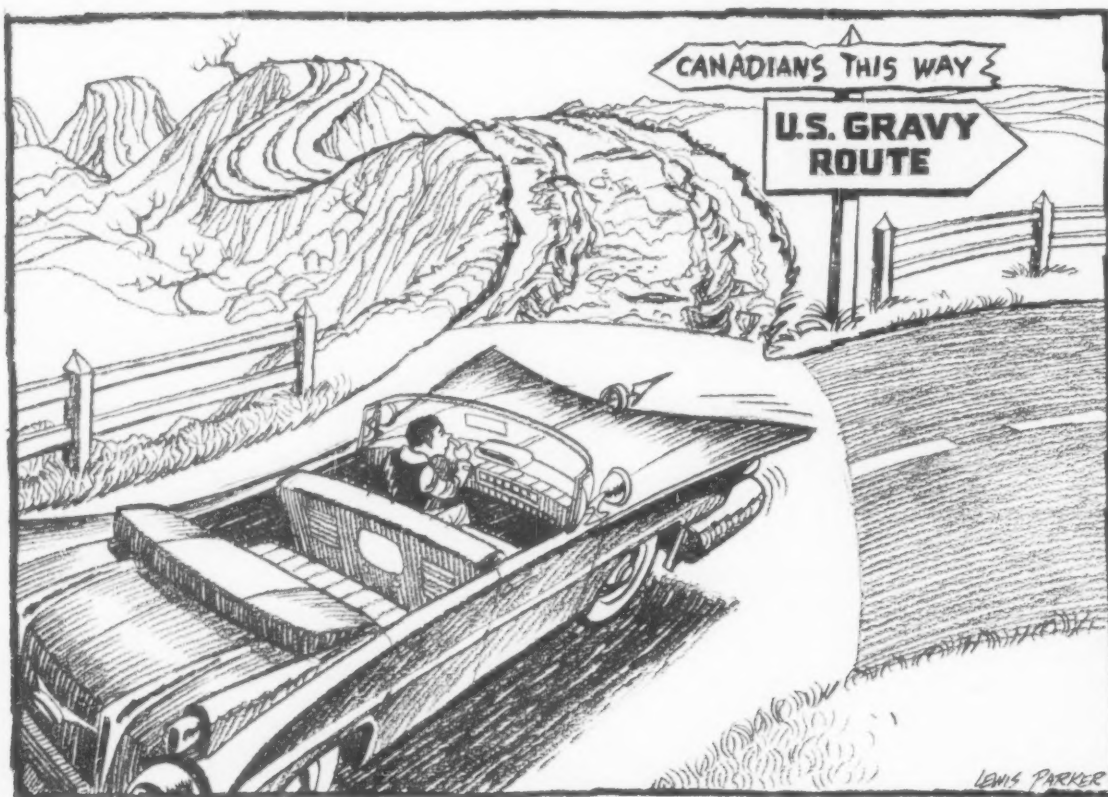
"Women today want garments that serve many purposes," says garment maker Lou Larry, in a back-handed slap at the prim and proper suit. "Co-ordinates seem to be the answer."

— RUTH WORTH



# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH  
Peter C. Newman



## CAN WE GET ALONG WITHOUT U.S. DOLLARS?

Maybe not. But now we have to try. Here's what we're going to do

*"Canadians are the closest friends we have in the world, and they are in serious economic trouble. From the U.S. they need and deserve considerably less apathy about their plight. More than that, they need complete and permanent economic union with the U.S. . . . since Canada has shown that she cannot operate fiscally in today's world . . . It is up to the U.S. to act."*

THAT EXCERPT FROM a 1948 editorial published in Life Magazine has been kept under the desk pad of a senior Ottawa civil servant for the past dozen years. He dug it up recently, showed it to me, and half-seriously quipped: "This may have been written twelve years too soon."

The clipping's pessimistic assessment was prompted by the crisis of 1947-48, when our cash deficit with the U.S. brought Canada close to national bankruptcy. No such crisis now exists. Yet

informed opinion both in and outside Ottawa increasingly insists that we are burrowing into an equally perilous economic trap.

Canada, according to these arguments, is in a position that can be compared to that of the troubled proprietor of a gambling casino who has allowed his clientele to win a great deal more money than there is in the house bank. To keep the gamblers at the tables (and stop them from cashing in their chips) he has had to make the odds very favorable. So favorable, in fact, that he has been forced to finance their continued winnings by selling much of the casino's ownership. What now threatens to upset the situation is that the customers aren't quite so anxious any longer to acquire the casino, although they still insist on playing the wheels.

Applying the analogy to the relationship between Canada and the United States, the move that is beginning to threaten the precarious economic equilibrium between the two countries is that

American industrialists with ambitions to start foreign branch plants are turning away from Canada to put money into factories for the 165 million people in the European Common Market area. Under tariff realignments now being negotiated, most of the U.S. goods formerly exported to West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg, which make up the new trading block, will have to be manufactured in Europe. American investment in the Common Market countries this year will probably reach \$900 million—twice the amount of direct U.S. investment expected to arrive in Canada during 1960.

The often-repeated suggestion of James Coyne, the Bank of Canada's governor, that the only way out of Canada's current dilemma is to reduce our development pace except in the export-producing industries, certainly is sound economic theory. But Coyne's critics point out that a country cannot slow down its business expansion at a time

when the labor force is multiplying at the rate of 2,600 new members a week, without causing even more serious (and year-round) unemployment than we have already. The expansion restraints suggested by Coyne would also require the services of a bloated bureaucracy to decide which industries should be allowed to increase their production, and where.

Trade and Commerce Minister Gordon Churchill has offered no alternative to the Coyne proposals. He insists we have become economically mature enough to carry even last year's record \$1.4 billion bulge of our imports over our exports. His view seems to be that we really don't have to correct the situation vis-a-vis the United States, because the Americans, with nearly sixteen billion dollars invested here, must adopt policies that will keep our trade in a sufficient balance to support the outflow of interest and dividends on their investment.

Between the extreme positions of Coyne and Churchill, a compromise solution is being formulated which will attack the problem with incentives rather than with controls.

One set of incentives will encourage Canadians to save more of the money they earn. Another will channel a larger share of Canadian investment funds—from both individuals and institutions—into the most productive sectors of the economy.

Apart from these inducements, even more measures are planned to make it profitable for foreign investors to sell common stock in their subsidiaries to Canadians, and to originate at least some of their export business here. The export incentives will grow with the amount of processing carried out in Canada.

The Ottawa mood that has produced this kind of thinking is more of a rudimentary fear than a political concept. It goes beyond John Diefenbaker's hint during the 1957 election campaign that the Tories might impose a surtax on raw materials such as iron ore if the producers ship it out of the country without even the most primitive processing.

The idea has begun to seep through to the cabinet that a basic decision must soon be made about the future of this country: either we must force the pace of further integration with the U.S., so that we can at least gain the benefits of such unparalleled economic intimacy, or we must be willing to pay a higher price for continued independence.

Walter Gordon, the brilliant Toronto economist-accountant who headed the 1956 royal commission on this country's business future, recently complained that the pressures for economic union with the U.S. are tempting, insidious, considerable and continuous.

"Can we," he asked, "reasonably expect indefinitely to retain our independence, side by side with a country that has ten times our population and fourteen times the value of our national output?" In Vancouver, Dr. Hugh Keenleyside, the former head of the United Nations' Technical Assistance Administration, who now heads the B.C. Power Commission, has suggested that tariffs should be abolished, and North American automobile production should be integrated, with Canadian car factories allocated the manufacture of one model, while U.S. plants turn out the balance.

Despite these and many similar warnings, most Ottawa economists agree that it is not too late to reassert our economic sovereignty. Not too late, but certainly not too soon. ★



## BACKSTAGE WITH THE BOTTLED SUN-TAN SET

Among stay-at-homes who want that Florida look, one pitchman does it up brown

**LAST SUMMER** millions of Americans began turning themselves brown with lotions guaranteed to produce a "sun" tan, and a Toronto promoter named William Soroc began turning green with envy. U.S. manufacturers were selling more than a million bottles a month of Man Tan, Tan Tone, Positan, Tan-o-Rama and others. Soroc wanted a Canadian franchise.

Man Tan turned him down. Then Soroc discovered there was nothing to stop him buying the basic ingredient (dihydroxyacetone) and bottling his own brand. He set up Fleet Laboratories Ltd. and got into production in February with Sir Tan.

Now, with Sir Tan selling almost as fast as Fleet Labs can screw on the caps, competitors (Ur Tan, Sur Tan, Kwik Tan) are hustling for a share of the market. Soroc claims some fly-by-nighters are even bottling their own brands in their basements and peddling them door to door.

Though Soroc's ads read like updated versions of a medicine man's

pitch ("It's spreading across the face of the nation!"), they're basically true. Sir Tan will "give you that just-back-from-Florida tan in just six hours." And despite wait-and-see warnings from the U.S. magazine Consumer Reports, Canadian and U.S. health authorities say they're pretty sure the lotions are harmless. Dihydroxyacetone is a sugar substitute developed in the



**BILL SOROC**  
Good old dihydroxyacetone

20s for diabetics. Later, somebody learned that it reacts with human skin pigment, turning it brown.

But there are drawbacks: the lotions can leave high-water marks or go streaky; careless users get splotchy hands. Worst of all, "nothing takes it off except bleach," moans one CBC actor.

With Soroc also urging women to "buy Sir Tan for the man in your life—then use some yourself," the conventional make-up market is suffering. But cosmetic companies say they're not worried. "It's a fad," says a Max Factor spokesman.

Fad or not, Sir Tan may have trouble meeting Soroc's 300,000-bottle quota for '60. Man Tan, the States' biggest seller, is muscling in. "Anything Sir Tan sells, we'll sell more when we get going here," a Man Tan executive boasted to Maclean's.

Soroc's hoping to meet the threat by giving the girls a more thorough tanning. Soon Soroc will have yet another label for the same old dihydroxyacetone: Eve Tan.

—FRANKLIN RUSSELL

## Backtalk

ABOUT BAD BOYS



A psychologist-priest has some provocative new answers to some old beliefs about delinquency

**WHILE MOST SPECIALISTS** in juvenile delinquency are too busy unscrambling mixed-up kids to do much else, a 51-year-old Dominican priest named Noel Mailloux finds time to talk back to adults who have pat answers to the problem.

Formerly head of University of Montreal's psychology department (where he now lectures part time), Father Mailloux runs the Orientation Centre in Montreal where 20 disturbed youngsters aged 6 to 12 live and study and where 1,000 others attend outdoor summer sessions of recreation, lectures and private talks.

His studies of the most disturbed cases, plus weekly taped interviews with reform-school inmates, are providing data he hopes will help parents, teachers and future youngsters lick the delinquency problem.

Though he's not ready yet with the literature he intends to write, he has this to say about these widespread beliefs:

**There's no way of telling whether a boy's likely to become a delinquent or not.**

Wrong, says Mailloux. Delinquency can be predicted early in a child's life. The delinquent-to-be is obviously aggressive, lying, stealing, fighting. Regular school teachers, trained to spot and handle such youngsters, could do much to prevent delinquency, but few have any such training.

**More boys' clubs are needed to fight delinquency.**

Mailloux doubts if even the best of the present ones are doing as well as they think. "They're good for serving boys with normal adolescent difficulties, but they place too much emphasis on group activities to be of use to the individual who is disorganized in his thinking." A disturbed boy's mental condition may be harmed, not helped, if he's forced to obey strict club rules or is on a sports team that loses.

**Lurid movies, TV programs and comic books are to blame for much delinquency.**

Foolish talk, says Mailloux. He doesn't rule out these influences completely but says nobody has enough data to prove any one factor to blame. Newspapers, on the other hand, are to blame for the public's harsh attitude toward boys who get into trouble.

**Police statistics show that delinquency is increasing.**

Such records, he says, "have little meaning," because only a small proportion of boys involved in crimes ever get caught.

**Social-service organizations and government agencies are doing all they can to fight delinquency; it's parents who need to try harder.**

Many parents would, he's convinced, if they knew how. It's up to the expert groups to provide 1) instructive literature, 2) more specialists able to help youngsters solve deep-rooted problems. Mailloux is in charge of one project to help ease this shortage: a three-year training course for delinquent specialists, sponsored by the University of Montreal and the Richelieu Club. Four of the first grads now work with Mailloux.

—TED FERGUSON

## Backstage WITH OUR AMATEUR MONEY-CHANGERS

Here's how some Canadian patriots (honest!) cash in on Uncle Sam's cheap dollars

**EVER SINCE 1955**—the last time the U.S. dollar was worth more than the Canadian—exporters and tourist promoters have been wringing their hands over the problems of selling to Americans shopping with cheaper money. But other Canadians have gradually learned to cash in on our high-priced dollar by:

- ✓ paying international plane and steamship fares in U.S. dollars. Transportation companies don't advertise it, but they accept the same amount in U.S. or Canadian dollars for any internationally set fare. "All the smart people pay in American dollars," a Canadian Pacific Airlines spokesman admits. Saving: up to \$25 on a \$500 fare.
- ✓ playing the foreign-exchange market, i.e., buying U.S. dollars,

waiting until they go up in value, then selling. It's legitimate, it's done, but it's not widespread. The changes are usually slow. "Besides," one businessman told Maclean's, "it's a ticklish business. We'd rather invest in something we know about, like stocks and bonds."

- ✓ buying U.S. dollars at the official rate (at any bank) and spending them at tourist-conscious shops, hotels and restaurants that accept U.S. dollars at par. Un-Canadian? Not at all, say economists. People who create a demand for the U.S. dollar are bolstering its value, thus helping close the gap between the two currencies.

- ✓ becoming, literally, a two-bit money-changer—getting U.S. currency at the official rate, changing it into silver, then passing it off in

petty transactions, where it's usually accepted at par. (It's a favorite stunt of Canadians home-bound from the States.) Result: one bank estimates that 40 percent of all silver now circulating in Canada is American.

U.S. silver's a headache for banks. Any they don't sell back to the public (at a discount) they send back to the States (at a discount), but they are often unable to discount it when it comes in to them. The bank's thorniest cases are their own big customers e.g. (transportation companies) who bring in large amounts of wrapped coins that are "counted" by weight. Lacking the time to cull buffalo from beaver, the banks are losing money at every weigh-in.

—DERM DUNWOODY

## Background

### MOTHER CHINA?

Canadians who feel at home in Chinese restaurants haven't seen anything yet. A Chinese restaurant in London, England, offers a chicken-and-mushroom dish as "Moo goo gai pan like mother used to make."

### EMBARGO ON DIRT

Planning a trip to Ireland? Don't try bringing back any of the Ould Sod. Toronto high-school student Barry Hargrave, 18, started collecting 90 soil samples from all over the world,

for a science fair this month. Ottawa's pest-control men apologetically seized about 10 samples that had slipped through customs and ordered all others stopped. Reason: fear of importing the infectious, microscopic nematode, which spreads quickly and which could wipe out the Mari-times' potato crop.

### CAPITALISTIC COMRADES?

To keep the party presses rolling, home-grown communists aren't above indulging in a little bourgeois competition. The lure in the Canadian Tribune's two-month, \$18,000 fund-raising drive is a capitalist-type loving cup for the party group in

the most generous province or region. Individual comrades who help raise the most capital will win propaganda books and achievement pins.

### AUTOMATIC HAZARD

A new electric lock that opens when you push the right combination of buttons in the right order may stir gratitude among night owls weary of fumbling for front-door keys. But not for long: the wrong combination touches off a burglar alarm.

### EASE UP ON SOUTHPAWS

Left-handedness may not be quite so sinister as it's traditionally been considered. In a recent article, Dr.

Frank Freeman, dean emeritus of the University of California and a handwriting expert, suggests that children who write left-handed naturally ought not to be forced to change. But, says Freeman, they should be taught to line their writing paper up with their left arm and write from below, instead of hooking their hand from the top or pushing it across what they've just written.

### ATOMIC-AGE DIET

Afraid of fall-out? Eat (ugh) cabbage. U.S. army researchers have found guinea pigs can withstand radiation better if they're fed raw cabbage or broccoli.

# In the Editors' Confidence



Sam and Ayala Zacks suggest ways of showing their art treasures to best advantage.



Picture hanger Felix Wegierski checks a Utrillo with his carpenter's level.



While Zacks awaits instructions to "watch the birdie," Maclean's photo editor Jack Olsen and art director Gene Aliman (glasses) discuss a last-minute switch.

## Getting \$2 million worth of art into one picture is quite a job



A guard steps gingerly between an old Roman head and a new Marini bronze.

Of all the pictures Maclean's has published, none has involved more work and worry than that on pages 18 and 19 showing Samuel and Ayala Zacks with paintings and sculpture from their collection. The problem was how to get two million dollars' worth of modern art into one picture—something never before done in Canada.

The art director of Maclean's, Gene Aliman, and Jack Olsen, the photo editor, assigned the job to Walter Curtin, an Austrian who had photographed several of Europe's greatest art collections before he emigrated to Canada. Aliman, Olsen and Curtin made a series of visits to the Toronto apartment hotel where the Zacks live, but decided that to arrange the treasures so they'd show to advantage in a picture, they'd need even more space than was available in the Zacks' suite.

The Zacks agreed to let the paintings and statuary be taken to the cavernous photo studio in the Maclean-Hunter building by a team of experts who spe-

cialize in transporting valuables for galleries. Aliman hired Pinkerton guards to protect the collection night and day.

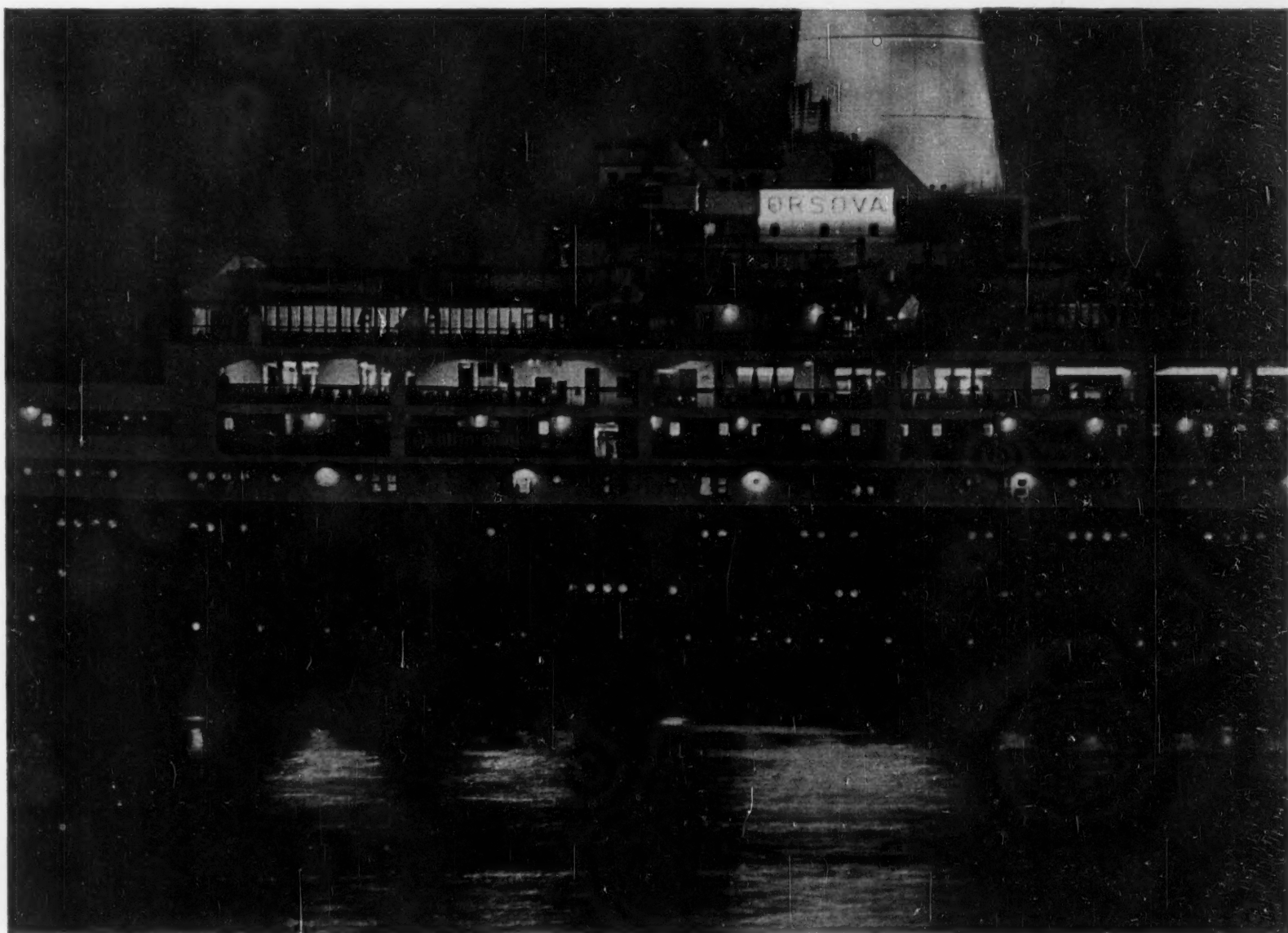
Aliman and his staff spent three days hanging the paintings from the ceiling with nylon fishing line, shuffling them endlessly to prevent colors from clashing or bold brushwork from overwhelming a delicate brushwork. They also shuffled the statuary, including an English sculptress Barbara Hepworth's seventy-five-pound brass "egg," said to be worth ten thousand dollars.

Curtin tested his strobe lights from every angle. The actual shooting started at 7.30 p.m. on a Sunday and continued until 11 p.m. All hands were exhausted when it was over, but too nervous to sleep. How would the photographs turn out? They turned out fine. From twenty-two remarkably good photographs Curtin took, Aliman had to select one. He wound up, finally, with what he hoped was the best, wondering why anybody would choose to be an art director. ★



Weary and still anxious, Walter Curtin pauses before making his final shots.





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#### THE COVER

Even the men who drive the huge auto transports are pondering just which is the best car buy today—the sleek mammoth from Oshawa or Windsor, or the handy miniature from Europe. In artist Ed McNally's cover, at least, they're running exactly neck and neck.

#### PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

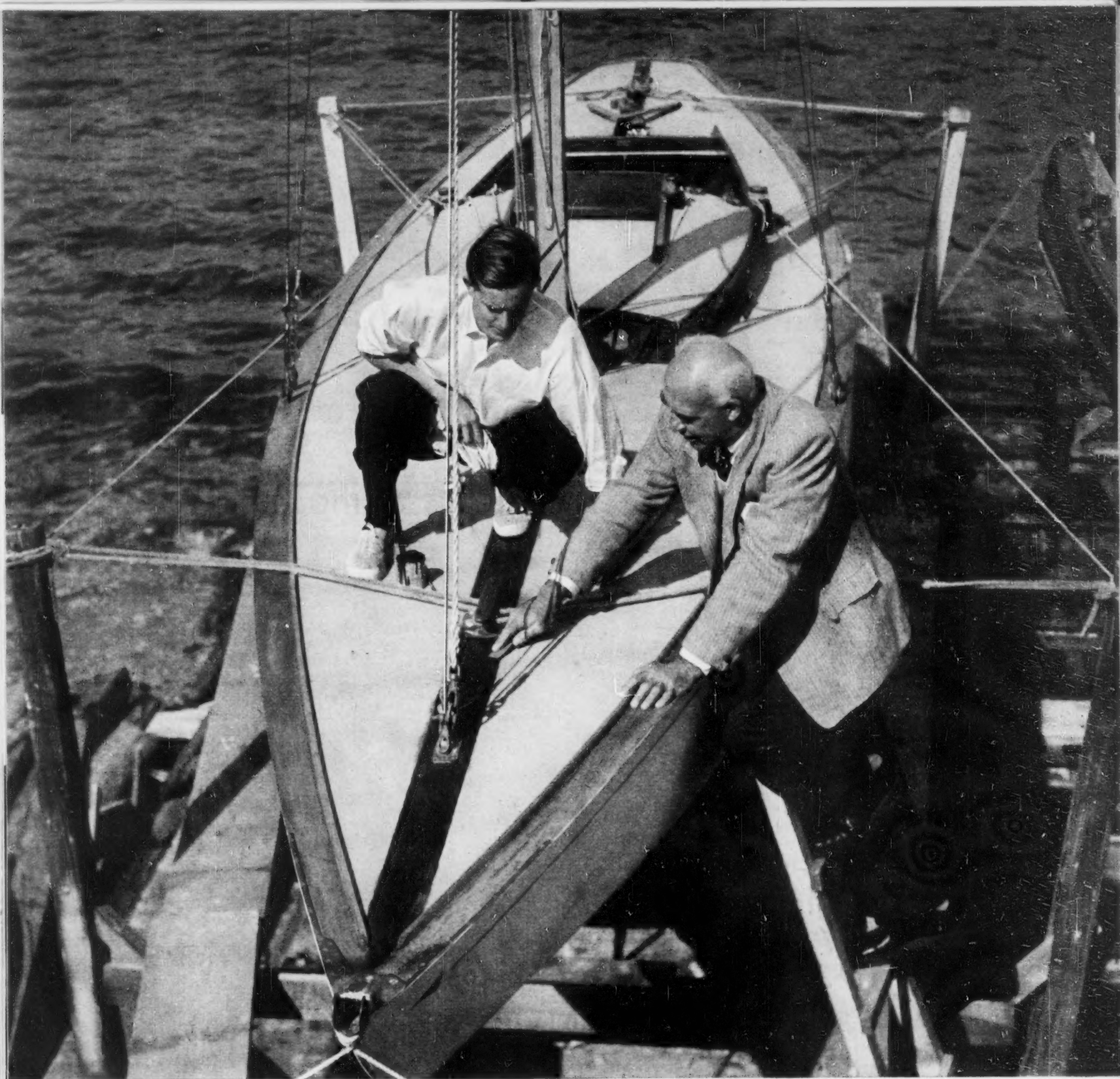
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## The promise of days to come

SOON SHE'LL BE READY . . . and out of springtime's promise of sun and wind and white sails on blue water, father and son share the spirit that holds a family close.

Through sharing, the problems and plans of the one find deep response in the other, each knowing well his own

responsibilities. The father has entrusted to us the management of his investments and, if necessary, arrangements for operating the family business until his son is trained to take over.

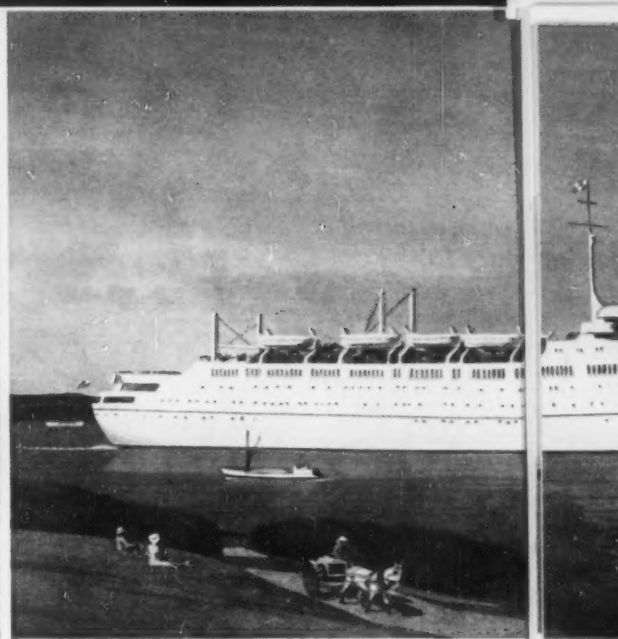
In such ways, a man of foresight does more than enrich the living years with those he holds dear. He builds

that something *worthy* will mark his passage. And he has the constant satisfaction of knowing we shall carry out his plans to protect his family's future, with care and *understanding* . . . from one generation to another.

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COMPANY



The Canadian travels the scenic Banff-Lake Louise route through the Canadian Rockies.



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In the air, Canadian Pacific jet-prop Britannias fly daily across Canada and internationally to five continents. They serve Hawaii, the South Pacific, the Orient, Mexico and South America, northern Europe via the Polar route—and now there's a new service to Rome via the sunny southern route. Soon Canadian Pacific will introduce long-range DC-8 jets.

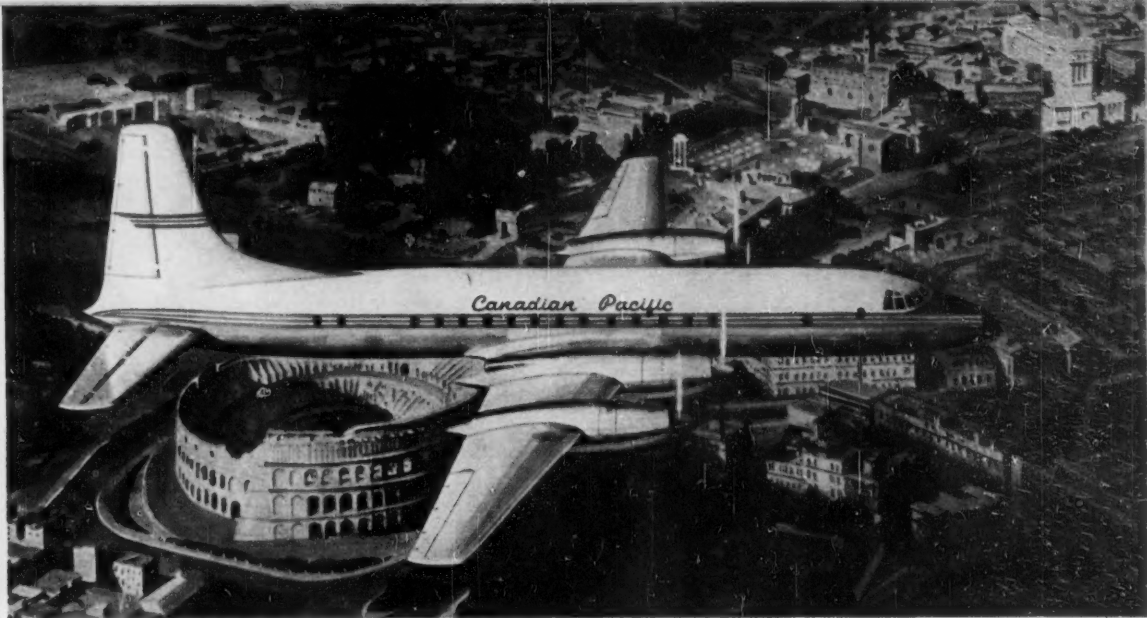
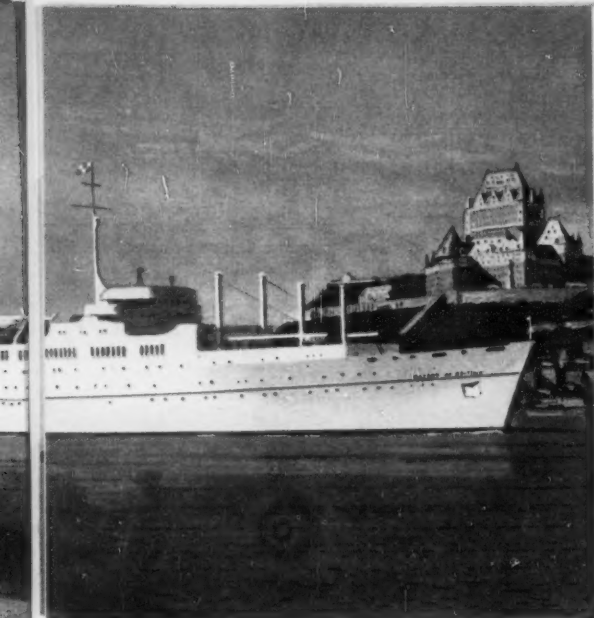
In all, awaiting your call for business and pleasure... more than 85,000 route miles of Canadian Pacific integrated travel services by land, sea, and air!

# Canadian Pacific

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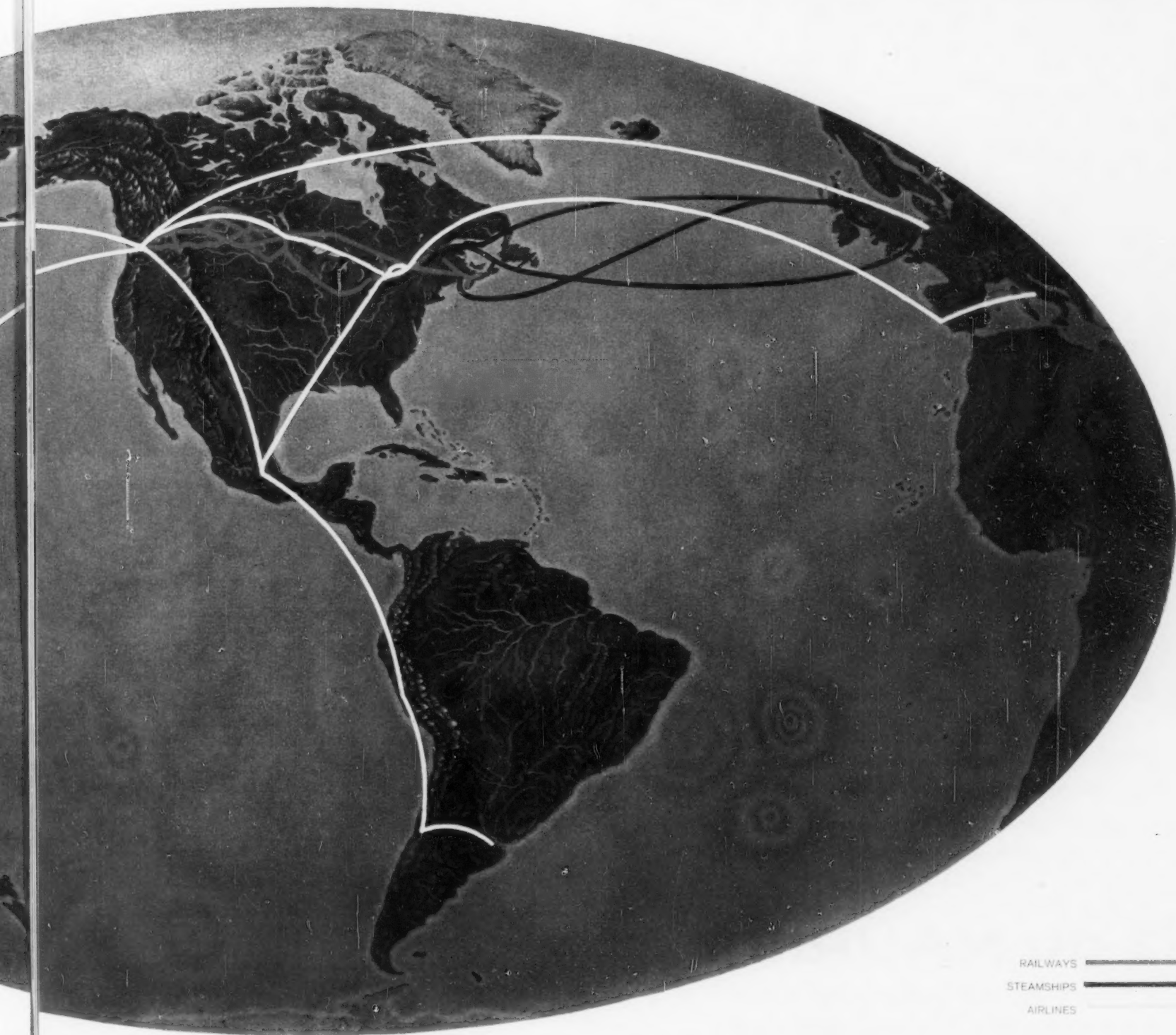
Railways • Steamships • Airlines • Hotels • Express • Communications • Trucking • Piggyback





A jet-prop Britannia flies into Rome. And coming soon, the long-range DC-8 jets.

complete transportation system\_serves five continents



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## For the sake of argument



### M. S. DONNELLY SAYS WE SHOULD Revive the commonwealth —or admit it's dead

The British commonwealth prime ministers are meeting in London in May—their sixth gathering in ten years. Unless this meeting accomplishes more than its predecessors it could turn out to be the last, for there are many indications today that the commonwealth, with its lack of *raison d'être*, will soon be forgotten.

What do the prime ministers discuss when they get together? What results from the discussions? The answer to both questions seems to be, "Very little." The commonwealth's leaders will convene, as usual, in secret. If it runs true to form the communiqué they issue afterwards will ring with eloquent, high-flown phrases but will say nothing. It could hardly do otherwise, since resolutions are not allowed at these meetings for fear that something controversial might be proposed. Indeed, even the word "conference" is officially prohibited because of its implication that decisions are being considered. The meetings are devoted not to arriving at decisions but to piety and platitude—to discreet chitchat interspersed with impressive recep-

tion of "marvellous potential" but of slight reality.

Politicians are fond of referring to its flexibility rather than its function. Apparently there is no limit to its flexibility. Ghana recently suggested some form of loose union between itself and Guinea—a territory that has just obtained a divorce from France and alimony from the United Nations—but no one said that this would create a problem about membership. Now Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah has an idea that he may want to take his country into a wider African federation, which is equivalent to saying that Canada could become the fifty-first state of the U.S. and still stay in the commonwealth. Cyprus, when it becomes independent, may become "associated" which apparently means something less than full membership.

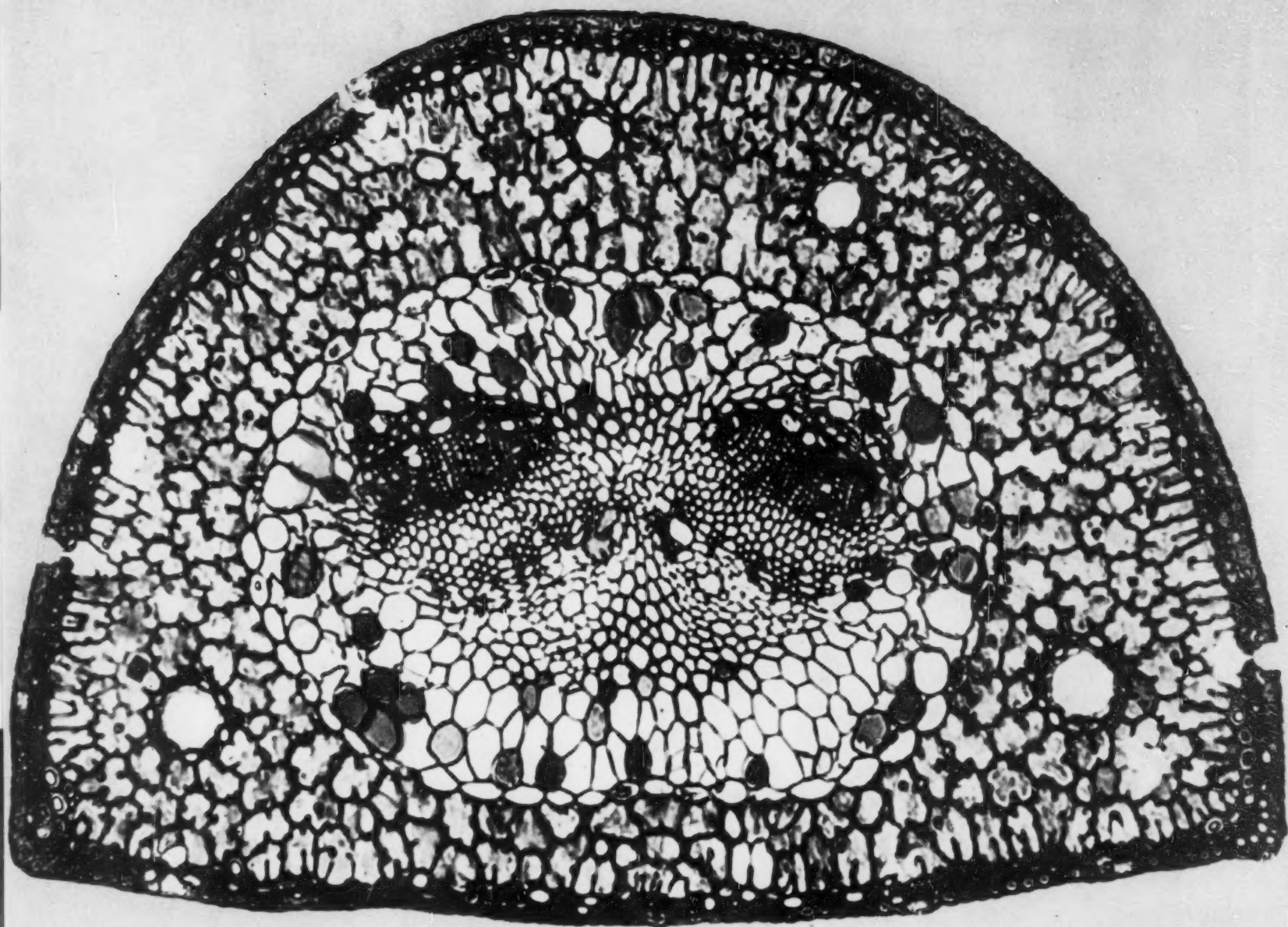
After-dinner speakers often refer to the commonwealth as a prototype of a future world state, presumably because membership in it carries no commitments, duties or responsibilities. It is a kind of club without rules or dues but with an assumption that members have or wish to have parliamentary government and are devoted to such small-"b" British political virtues as the rule of law, individual rights, freedom of the press, a non-political civil service and an independent judiciary.

Members subscribe to an unstated agreement to "co-operate" and "consult" but there is no convincing evidence that these processes are more meaningful among commonwealth countries than they normally are between two friendly states with common interests.

There is also a tacit agreement that if any conflicts develop between national interests and membership the former may prevail without endangering the latter. The continuing adherence of South Africa demonstrates this with respect to political virtue; and the British action at Suez in 1956 demonstrates

PROF. DONNELLY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA, IS NOW TEACHING POLITICAL SCIENCE IN ENGLAND.



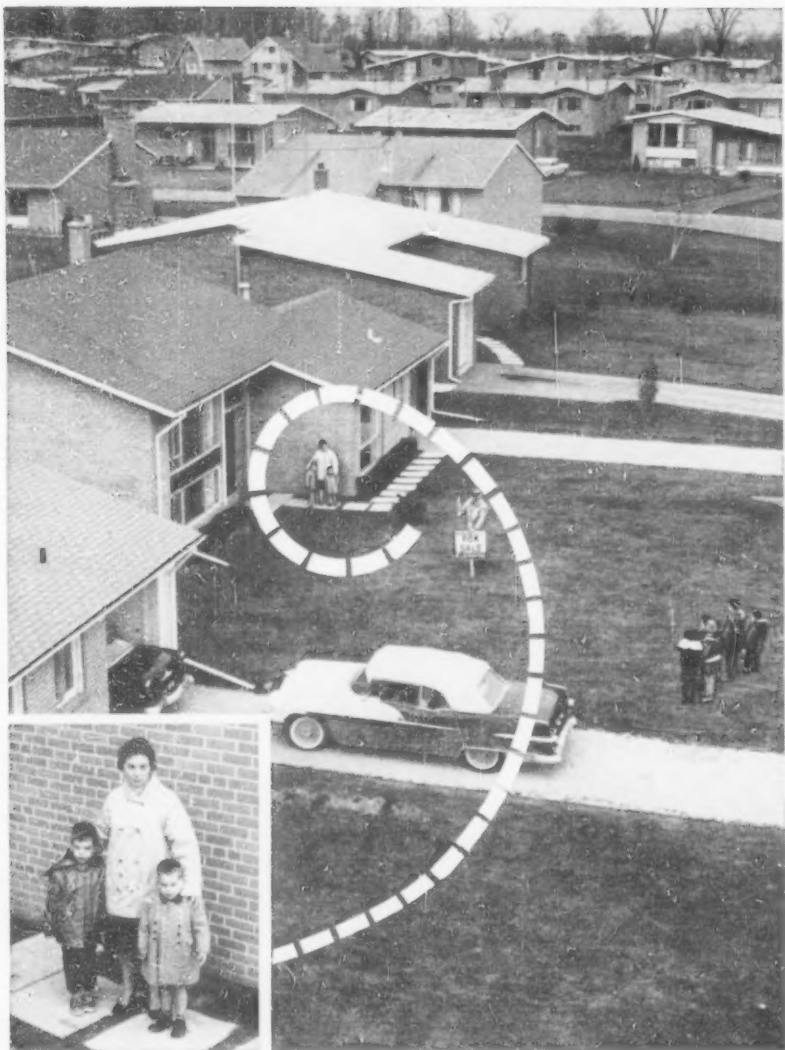


*Magnified cross-section of a pine needle by Harold V. Green, Photography-Microscopy Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.*

## A more useful forest harvest

Microscopic studies of tree life and growth form only one part of the fundamental research program of the pulp and paper companies. This Canadian work, with an international reputation, helps to maintain this industry as a leader in world trade. It also contributes to the wise use of the world's forest resources. In the universities, in the mills, and in the woodlands, scientists strive continuously

to increase the forest crop and to expand its uses. Today, many new tree species are being used as pulpwood and more paper can be made from a cord of wood. Through research, the pulp and paper companies are increasing the value of the woodlands, thereby providing greater benefits and greater prosperity for Canadians everywhere. **THE PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY OF CANADA**



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## London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

## Cheers (and some sneers) for the royal betrothal



Margaret, her mother, "the Jones boy" at Windsor's Royal Lodge.

More than once, I have contended that London is an overgrown village, whereas Montreal and Toronto can claim the status of metropolises. When it was announced that Princess Margaret had become engaged to Mr. Armstrong-Jones we felt in London as if she was one of the family and that somehow the event was personal to all of us.

In fact it was a climax to a series of events which had embroiled royalty and semiroyalty in the fierce heat of controversy. First there was the surprise thrust of Lord Mountbatten, who wanted to ensure that within a stated period of time — albeit a long period — a section of the royal family should be named Mountbatten-Windsor.

Then there was the joyous anticipation of the Queen's third child. The patient subjects of Her Majesty waited at the gates of Bucking-

ham Palace and then there came the shout: "It's a boy!" The happy crowds were delighted, just as they would have been if the baby had been a girl.

A few days later came the sudden death of the lively and vivid Countess Mountbatten and, according to her own decree, she was buried in the sea that she and her husband loved so dearly. The countess had many critics but also many champions and London will not forget her. No one could deny her vitality, her audacity and her relentlessness.

At the very climax of it all there came the sudden news that seventy-four-year-old Alexander Albert Mountbatten, Marquis of Carisbrooke, had died. It was he who did so much to guide the glittering fortunes of Louis Mountbatten in the early



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FASHIONS BY DONALD BROOKS



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*Refresh without filling*



From Washington a  
distinguished Canadian reporter  
discusses

# THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

JUST AS THE Democratic Party seemed likely to achieve the unwelcome miracle of electing Richard Milhous Nixon president of the United States, John Steinbeck, the novelist, bared his soul to an old friend, Adlai Stevenson.

"Mainly, Adlai," Steinbeck wrote, "I am troubled by the cynical immorality of my country. I do not think it can survive on this basis and unless some kind of catastrophe strikes we are lost. A strange species we are. We can stand anything God and Nature can throw at us, save only plenty."

Thus a century after the United States faced a civil war and discovered Abraham Lincoln, a tortured American voter faced this year's decisions and discovered the current crisis of his people.

Steinbeck may underrate their nature as the South underrated it in 1860, but the novelist has identified, better

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

**NIXON**

Will he win by default?

**KENNEDY**

Will he lose out to prejudice?

# The four fabulous lives of Samuel Zacks



The Zacks and their treasures: Ayala polishes a brass sculpture by Hepworth.



Zacks poured out time, effort and money in helping Israel battle its enemies. Once, he donated \$1 million. Einstein (above) was among his famous friends.

High finance,  
international intrigue,  
world-wide pursuit  
of art treasures,  
storybook romance—  
this Canadian multimillionaire  
has explored them all  
with equal zest and equal success





An African carving (left) and seven bronzes, mostly European, form a rare silhouette in Zacks' Toronto living room. Second from right: Family Group, by Moore.

BY MCKENZIE PORTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CURTIN

Zacks' favorite hobby is painting. On the floor: his study of a ballet student.



WHEN HE WALKS down Bay Street, Toronto, the midway of Canadian finance, Samuel Jacob Zacks attracts little attention. He is a short, chunky, fifty-five-year-old man who looks as if he might have done fairly well out of a small wholesale business. Although he wears expensive clothes, their dark color and sober cut do little to distinguish him from the passing crowd. Yet if E. Phillips Oppenheim were alive today he'd be tempted to use Zacks' story as the theme for a thriller about high finance, international intrigue, romantic love and the pursuit of fabulous art treasures.

Zacks made his first million dollars at twenty-three, lost it at twenty-five, recovered it at twenty-seven and since then has multiplied it many times. As a militant Zionist, Zacks played a gripping role in the diplomatic negotiations and gun-running operations that led up to the foundation of Israel. In the course of these activities he wooed and wed a fascinating heroine of the World War II French underground. She and Zacks, during the last ten years, have built up one of the most arresting and valuable private art collections in North America.

Sam and Ayala Zacks are taciturn about many episodes in their past.

It is known, however, that he was a member of a secret organization of North American millionaires which supported the Israelis with funds and arms in the 1946-49 war against the Arabs and that, in Canada, he took an active part in securing and despatching guns to Israel in defiance of an embargo on arms shipments to the Middle East.

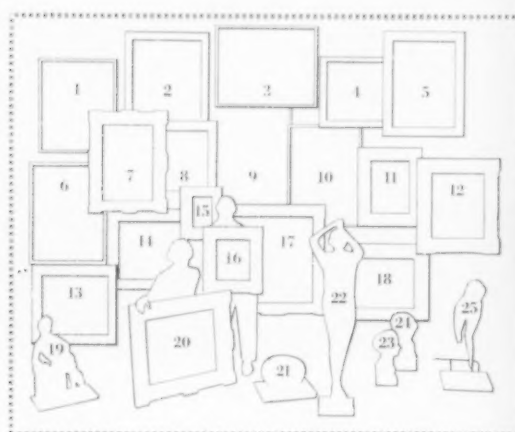
It is known that Mrs. Zacks in 1942 was assigned by an underground organization to carry to London plans of German army deployment along the Riviera, and that in 1944 she returned to southern France in an assault landing craft as a liaison officer between Allied invasion forces and the French Maquis.

In the life led by the Zacks today there is no hint of their colorful past. From his commodious office on Bay Street, Toronto, Sam Zacks watches his interests in many Canadian companies. His heaviest investments are in furniture, textiles, plastics and real estate. Ayala Zacks entertains a circle of friends that includes artists, writers and scholars, diplomats and industrialists. The link between the Zacks and their cronies is a common interest in art. Mrs. Zack says: "Sam and I believe that art is the only universal language."

Visitors entering the Zacks' home — a spacious apartment on Avenue Road, Toronto — are confronted with an Aladdin's Cave of paintings, carvings, objets d'art and antiques. One visitor, Frederick Varley, the Canadian painter, on seeing canvases by such masters as Picasso, Matisse, Utrillo, Modigliani, Renoir, Dufy, Chagall and Braque, said: "What a marvellous collection of prints." On being told that the paintings were originals Varley exclaimed: "What? In Toronto?"

STORY AND PICTURES CONTINUE OVERLEAF

# HERE'S WHY ZACKS' ART COLLECTION IS THE ENVY OF MANY GREAT MUSEUMS



- |               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1 BORDUAS     | 14 MARQUET        |
| 2 DUFY        | 15 PICASSO        |
| 3 RIOPELLE    | 16 MATISSE        |
| 4 CHAGALL     | 17 DERAINE        |
| 5 DUFY        | 18 ROUAULT        |
| 6 LEGER       | 19 MATISSE        |
| 7 UTRILLO     | 20 RENOIR         |
| 8 PICASSO     | 21 HEPWORTH       |
| 9 ARDON       | 22 MARINI         |
| 10 PICASSO    | 23 SECOND-CENTURY |
| 11 ROUAULT    | (A.D.) ROMAN      |
| 12 MODIGLIANI | 24 DERAINE        |
| 13 DEGAS      | 25 BUTLER         |

The Zacks won't put a price on these beautiful works from their collection — assembled here especially for Maclean's — but their combined market value would probably be about \$2 million.

Other Torontonians are astonished at the Zacks' collection of bronzes, granites and marbles by sculptors of the rank of Jacob Epstein, Henry Moore and Barbara Hepworth.

Among their modern European works the Zacks place figures and pictures by ancient Africans, Polynesians and Asians and by American Indian and Eskimo sculptors and painters to illustrate their theory that nineteenth- and twentieth-century schools of art owe much to the influence of primitive genius.

The furnishings of the Zacks' apartment are striking. A beautiful oak refectory table supporting a selection of bronze nudes was used at meal times four hundred years ago by Italian monks. A heavy fruitwood table of exquisite symmetry, used to display primitive carvings, was fashioned by Chinese cabinet makers during the Ming dynasty — between our fourteenth and seventeenth centuries.

For several years this table stood in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. Its American owner, who did not want it to go into a private collection, placed it there in the hope that some patron would buy it for the Metropolitan. Much to the relief of the Zacks, who coveted the table, no patron came forward. When the owner of the table died the Zacks heard that his widow was ready to sell it to a private collector. They flew down to see her, arriving a few minutes ahead of other collectors who were equally anxious to buy. The widow accepted the Zacks' offer of many thousands of dollars.

The business of snapping masterpieces from under the noses of competing collectors exercises the Zacks' vigilance. They read catalogues sent to them by scores of dealers all over the world, pump curators of museums and art galleries for tips about what's coming up for sale and make frequent excursions to the studios of leading

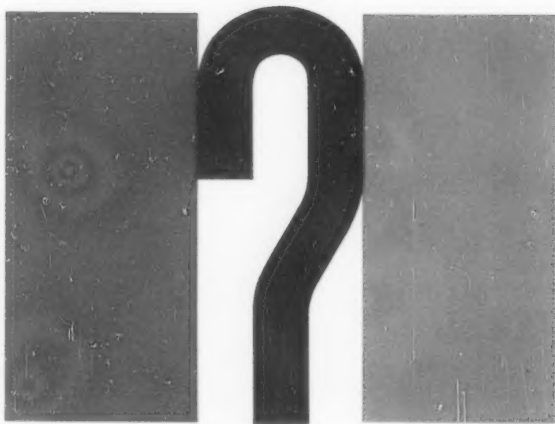
CONTINUED ON PAGE 68







# WILL DE GAULLE BLOW UP OUR CHANCES FOR PEACE



*De Gaulle as seen by Duncan Macpherson in the Toronto Star.*

As the Summit meeting approaches,  
Canada and her sister NATO nations  
are nervously watching the unpredictable French autocrat  
who began nuclear tests  
after other major powers  
had agreed to halt them

AN ON-THE-SPOT REPORT BY BLAIR FRASER

PARIS

A FEW WEEKS AGO the frightening, hopeful, enigmatic man named Charles de Gaulle made another of the stubborn, one-man decisions for which he has been famous, feared and loved through the last twenty-five years of Western history. He exploded an atomic bomb in the Sahara Desert.

He did this at a time when most of the world had reached — or professed to have reached — an agreement to sheathe this most terrible of all weapons. De Gaulle's huge constituency of admirers and his equally huge constituency of enemies all across the world were thereby plunged into a renewal of an old and perhaps fateful debate. What does De Gaulle really stand for today? What can France's allies expect from him? Is France indeed still a free country?

World-wide speculation about his role at the summit conference next month has kept De Gaulle firmly at centre stage in the role he is determined to play to the hilt: the semi-mystic man of destiny leading his uneasy nation back to greatness.

Many people I met in Paris bitterly criticized De Gaulle's assumption of extra powers following the January revolt in Algiers. A politician of the old regime, a great figure in the Fourth Republic and still an eminent man in opposition, told me, "There's no democracy in France today. De Gaulle controls everything—press, radio, the Chamber of Deputies. Parliament is muzzled. We have dictatorship, pure and simple."

The newspapers seemed to bear him out. They announced the release — after three weeks' detention without formal charge — of two Moslem lawyers who'd been defense counsel for Algerian rebels. While French authorities denied the lawyers were being persecuted merely for defending Algerians, the denial sounded disturbingly vague.

Such items are carried obscurely on inside pages. In Algiers and even in Paris, newspapers that give too big a play to stories reflecting against the government are summarily confiscated by the police.

Since the January rebellion in Algiers, and until 1961, President de Gaulle's cabinet can legislate without reference to parliament on everything that affects the security of the state. The government is itself the judge of where security begins.

Even before the Algerian emergency De Gaulle was a strong head of state, perhaps uniquely strong among free nations. Under the new constitution, written under his personal guidance, he combines the executive power of an American president with a British prime minister's right of appeal from a dissenting parliament to the people (a right which, as Canadians know, few parliaments care to challenge). In the two years since a rebellious army put him into office, De Gaulle has used this strength to devalue the franc, raise taxes, cut various subsidies and privileges of special groups, and generally to perform the politically impossible. The opposition feels completely frustrated and smothered. In the eyes of an anti-government politician, this is indeed dictatorship.

Foreigners are the more ready to believe the charge because of the posture, the public figure of Charles de Gaulle. They do not warm to a man who is able, quite seriously, to proclaim himself "the incarnation of France during twenty years." To some, this kind of talk sounds merely absurd. To others, remembering how Hitler used to talk at the Nuremberg rallies, it sounds faintly but ominously familiar.

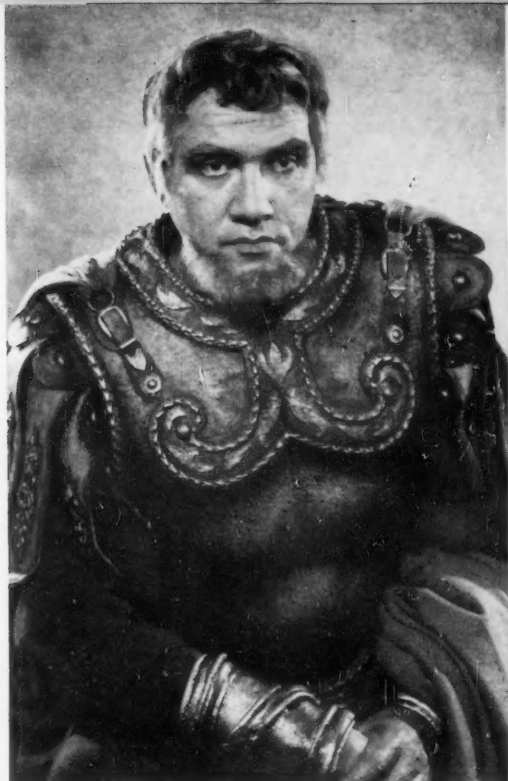
But one sure sign of a modern dictatorship, as anyone can tell who has seen any Arab or Communist country, is the face of Big Brother displayed on every hand. Nasser in Egypt, Kassem in Iraq, the Communist gods in the Communist bloc — their pictures are everywhere. Not a newsstand or public building, hardly even a billboard can be found that doesn't beam The Leader's magnified smile upon his people.

In Paris I haven't seen a single picture of President de Gaulle, except for ordinary news shots of current events, but I did see an effigy of sorts. It was in a little shop that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60



## How I switched



Greene as Brutus in Julius Caesar — at Stratford, Ont.



Greene as Ben Cartwright in Bonanza—in Hollywood.

## from Shakespeare to six-guns

"There ought to be a law against TV westerns," this Canadian star of Stratford, Broadway and Hollywood once declared. Now he's headin' 'em off at the pass and claiming Bonanza's Ben Cartwright isn't so different from Brutus after all

BY LORNE GREENE as told to Trent Frayne

ONCE THERE WAS this gunslinger, John Wesley Hardin, who came riding into Wichita, and after a tiny altercation in which he shot a man named Atwell fairly mortally, his lady-love rushed into his arms, fear clouding her eyes.

"What happened, Wes?" she sniveled, laying her head tremulously on his vast chest. "I thought I heard sounds of shootin'."

"I had to drop Atwell, honey," Hardin smiled wanly. "He was reachin'."

"Will there be trouble, Wes?"

"None to worry yore purty head about, honey," Hardin assured her. "Sometimes a man has to gun a man and I just gunned a man, is all."

This swatch of burlap dialogue unraveled from my television set one evening a couple of years ago, sending me out into the night for a walk around the block.

"Westerns!" I remember snorting. "There ought to be a law."

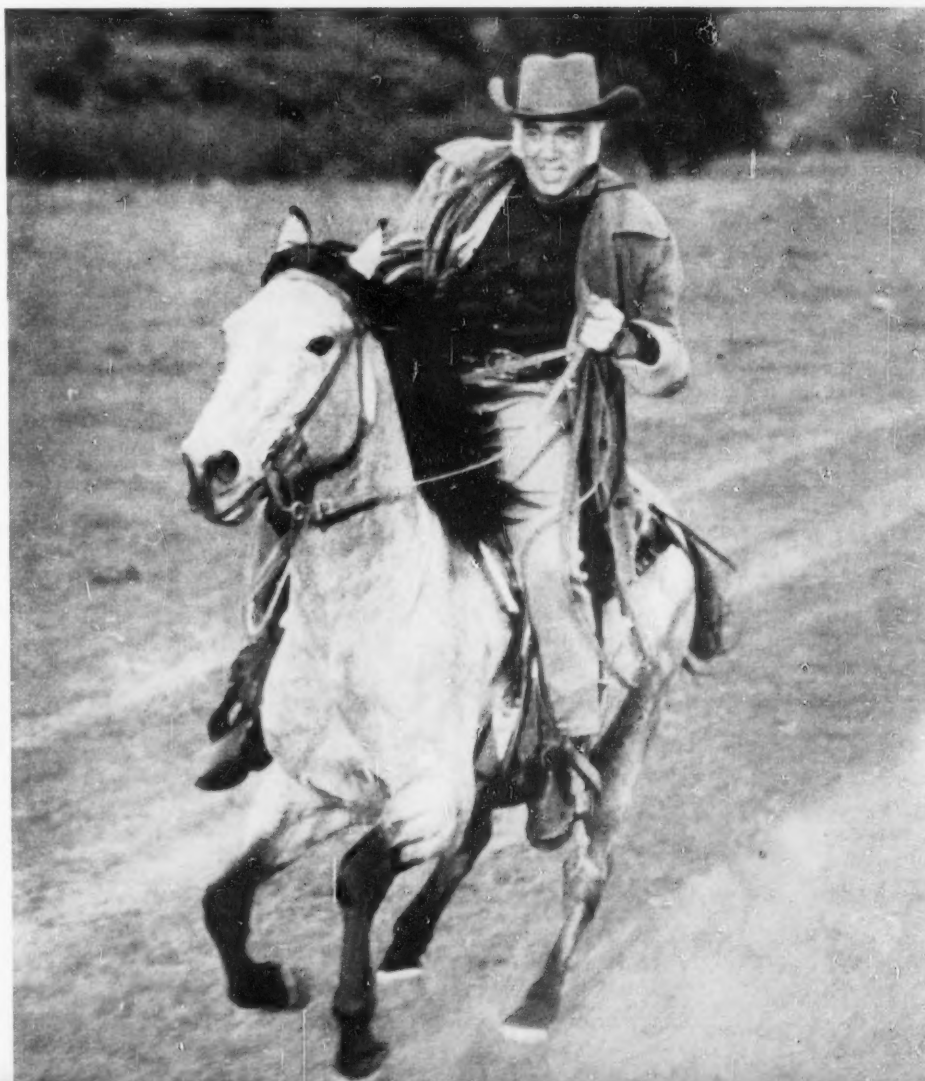
Two years later on another evening on another western, a wounded man lying in his bed of pain turns to his son. "Son," he says, "get me my gun. A man feels more comfortable with a gun in his hand."

The man on the bed is mighty familiar. It's that Canadian actor who has played Brutus at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, Peter the Apostle in a movie, *The Silver Chalice*, and opposite Katharine Cornell in the Broadway hit, *The Prescott Proposals*. Me!

Yup, I'm a cowboy. Until a year ago I'd never lifted a Colt .45, much less fired one, hadn't seen a ten-gallon hat except on Grey Cup day, and the only horses I'd ever been on were long shots that finished out of the money at Woodbine. I'd stopped saying "Reach, stranger" when Tom Mix was still in his prime.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

He's right at home now in a cow-pony saddle, but a year ago he hadn't been any nearer a horse than a pari-mutuel window.





Wilson convinced one attractive matron she was his reincarnated wife.

## THE WEIRD AND SAVAGE CULT OF BROTHER 12

*"I am not a person but a Power,"*

*said the scraggly-bearded little man in the yellow robe. And the gullible widows and businessmen who followed him to his B.C. island retreat paid dearly for their folly*

**T**oday the de Courcy Islands in the Strait of Georgia, between Vancouver Island and the mainland, have little outwardly to distinguish them from the dozens of others in those narrow waters. Their six hundred acres are timbered with maple, arbutus, oak, juniper and yew trees. Their pleasant, shingle beaches, are frequent stopping places for summer yachtsmen.

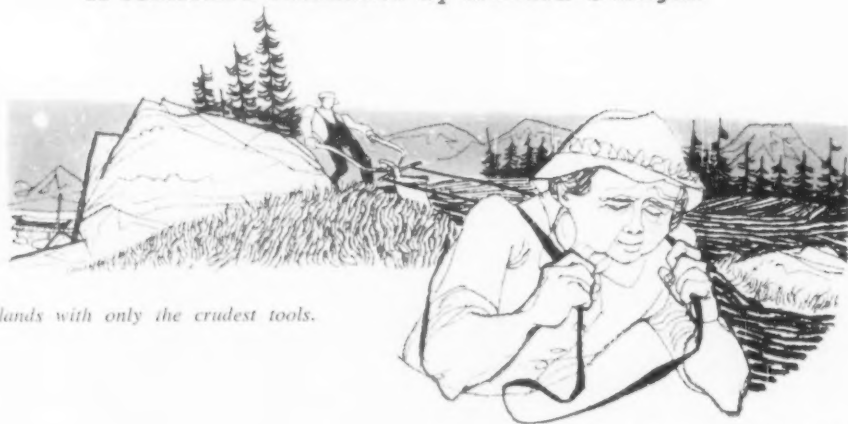
Yet these islands, now so serene in aspect, have a history unlike that of any other island group along the west coast from California to Alaska — a history of greed, torment and blind belief. Had yachtsmen appeared off their shores in the early 1930s, armed guards would have met them and refused them permission to land. The guards would have been members of the Aquarian Foundation, a band of a hundred-odd

men and women under the spell of "Brother 12," a little scraggly-bearded man with pale and baleful eyes, wearing a yellow Buddhist's cloak with black markings. Most of them were people of means — widows and retired businessmen. One was a former secret service agent of the U. S. treasury department. All were mesmerized by Brother 12's theosophical and metaphysical outpourings and his promise that they were "chosen" to save mankind from impending calamity, and had given him their life savings and complete control over their lives. In April, 1933, six years after he founded the colony, Brother 12, at one time an express clerk in Victoria, B.C., absconded with an estimated half million dollars of their money, most of it in gold coins sealed in 143 pint preserving jars.

Of his domain there remain only a few frame houses on the south shore of the main de Courcy island and the "House of Mystery," still standing alone in its forest clearing. It was the building in which Brother 12 told his followers he communed with his "eleven brothers in the outer world." In September, 1956, the Canadian Press reported that a human skull, wrapped in sacking, had been found in the attic of the House of Mystery. The news agency said medical authorities believed that the cranium, roughly carved into the shape of a bowl, was that of a woman in her twenties "who had died about 1931."

Brother 12, who may have been a murderer as well as an embezzler and a monumental mythomaniac, was once plain Edward Arthur

### A Maclean's Flashback by Howard O'Hagan



Elderly colonists tiled the stony islands with only the crudest tools.





With his message from the "Chela"—a supernatural body he invented — the former B. C. express clerk hypnotized most of his listeners.

Wilson, who handled the Wells Fargo account in the Dominion Express office on Government Street, Victoria, fifty miles south of the de Courcys. Herbert Wilkinson, now retired and living in Victoria, joined the express company in 1912 to drive a delivery wagon. He remembers Wilson — as yet without his beard — as a man of thirty, a mere five foot six in height, slim, sallow and dapper, with a receding chin and large adam's apple, who often wore a red rosebud in his dark lapel. Everyone noticed his eyes, their irises so pale they faded in the whites. Above all, Wilkinson adds, Wilson was a "smooth talker" who claimed he was the son of an Anglican missionary and an East Indian princess and that he had served his time as an apprentice in a British navy windjammer.

Even in those days it appears that he envisaged a greater destiny for himself than that of a future chief clerk. His landlady, Peggy Reynolds, found his room frequently littered with tracts of the Theosophical Society and with scribbles about the stars. Shortly before World War I, he quit his job. He told Mrs. Reynolds that he was going away to sea but that one day he would return to Victoria with a "new dispensation."

From 1914 to 1918 Wilson served in the British merchant marine on the Atlantic. He gained his master's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

By Marika Robert

# How an immigrant girl fell in love with Canada

Now happily merged in the Canadian crowd, Marika (leopard coat) hurries along a Toronto street.



Within every big city  
stand islands of New Canadians,  
each with its own separate language,  
color and customs.

Here's the moving story  
of how pretty Marika Robert  
first sought their shelter  
and then, almost without knowing it,  
suddenly found she was a Canadian

IT HAS TAKEN ME almost nine years to become a part of Canada, and I imagine that this (to quote an expression once unfamiliar to me) is par for the course. There are some who do it in three or four years. There are others who take nineteen or twenty. There are some who arrive in the New World and are instantly at home, but they are very few. There are some who are never at home — and they are not so few.

After nine years, I think, I am finally part of it all; part of the skyscrapers and slums; the superhighways and department stores; the lack of esthetic beauty and the abundance of comfort. I find that I say *our* mayor, *our* new city hall, and *our* liquor laws. But for many years, like thousands of others, I have been staggering around like a Gulliver in the frightening land of Canadians: a land of hope and heartbreak; a land of plenty; a land of unfamiliar dimensions.

After almost a decade in Canada I have only vague recollections of the years when every move seemed to be an experience; when my days were filled with nightmarish and hilarious discoveries. Today I don't notice anymore the hideous uniformity of the houses and porches; I don't feel as though I were walking on the streets of a pest-ridden city if I happen to be in downtown Toronto after 10 p.m. on a weekday; and a piece of melting ice has to fall on my head to remind me that Canadian cities don't tuck their power lines underground, but wear them as a tiara.

In his own eyes the new immigrant is a person who has lost everything except his accent. In the eyes of others he is that strange animal with an unpronounce-

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Within one "island" of immigrants, espresso coffee and after-dinner chess while away an evening.

able name, with unusual customs, and a way of speech that is either cute or irritating, depending on his age and sex. Liked by some, disliked by many, the immigrant is a statistical figure, the subject of arguments, interviews and articles. He is also the hero of a tragicomical adventure which few Canadians understand and which after a certain time he himself is apt to forget.

My own adventure started on a humid summer day in 1951 when the SS Columbia docked at Montreal. The ship's upper deck was jammed with people waiting to be cleared through customs. I remember I wanted to hide in one of the cabins, in the warm security of the boat, my last link with the past.

Ever since school in Czechoslovakia, where I first learned about its existence and geographical position, Canada to me meant snow piles, icy air, men dressed like fox hunters on a masquerade party in high boots and greasy hats, trying to find their way in the constant snow flurry. The day I arrived, however, things were different. The air was filled with a gleaming heat, and if the clothes of the bootless fox hunters did seem to be damp it was not from snow but from sweat.

"At least they should give us something to eat," someone remarked after three hours of sitting on our baggage. "This landing might take a long time."

And it did. First they cleared all the Canadians. Then they cleared all the other British subjects. Then they cleared the Americans. And then the French and Germans and Persians and Madagascans. And then all the Zulus. And then—and only then—the DPs.



Open-air markets, run by and for Toronto's Italians, offer foods not available in "Canadian" stores.

STORY AND PICTURES CONTINUE OVERLEAF



Marika, a Czech, enjoys a German beer party. But many nationalities, she says, don't mix.



Marika stands silent, candle in hand, as a Russian Orthodox priest conducts a funeral.



## IMMIGRANT GIRL *continued*

"DP" was a new term to me and a new status to get used to. Theoretically I had been a displaced person ever since I crossed the border of my country. Yet I did not feel like a DP in the cities of Europe; they were not my home, but they were part of my universe. The real border was the staircase leading from the ship to the shore. Whatever I had been in my previous life was like a shoe that remained on the Greek liner. I stepped out of it the minute I put my foot on the first step, and on the bottom of the stairs a new pair of shoes was waiting. I put them on and was immediately transformed into that clumsy, sometimes funny-looking, sometimes pitiful monster: a European newcomer.

"Where are you headed for?" the customs officer asked in French.

"Toronto," I replied rolling the o's of that romantic-sounding name that brought pictures of Indians with colorful feathers sitting around their wigwams or canoeing down the river.

"Toronto?" he asked, and it did not sound romantic at all the way he said it. "Whatever for? They don't even speak French there. Why don't you stay in Montreal? This is almost like Paris."

But it was not like Paris at all, with its many small houses that had their staircases glued on the outside, and its incredibly long main street that had snatched away most of the stores from the rest of the streets and offered a multitude of gigantic cars on the road, and gigantic TV sets and washing machines and refrigerators in the store windows, but not one tiny little statue. I had to live in Toronto for three years to be able to exclaim on my return visit to Montreal: "What a wonderfully gay spot! Why, it's almost like Paris!"

The one day I spent in Montreal was filled with exciting new experiences. The first happened on the streetcar, where my heart went out to that poorest of the poor, the unfortunate driver. On any streetcar or bus I had boarded before, there was a regular driver, whose duty it was to operate the vehicle, and another man in a uniform with a black bag around his waist to whom you handed the money, got a ticket in return. But here, when you give the driver the money and he gives you the ticket, it is just a tease ticket; don't ever try to keep it! It has to be returned to the little box of the driver, who by that time starts to feel sorry for you and hands you another ticket called a transfer, just so you won't go empty-handed to your seat. Actually it is not a bad game for you, holding five pieces of luggage in one hand and trying to stabilize yourself with the other while 250 pounds of human flesh are being piled on your feet in different sizes and forms. But that poor driver, he has to find the time for driving, too.

The other big event happened in a restaurant that I visited with friends from the boat. We were seated at the counter, opposite the hot plate on which some strange thing was happening.

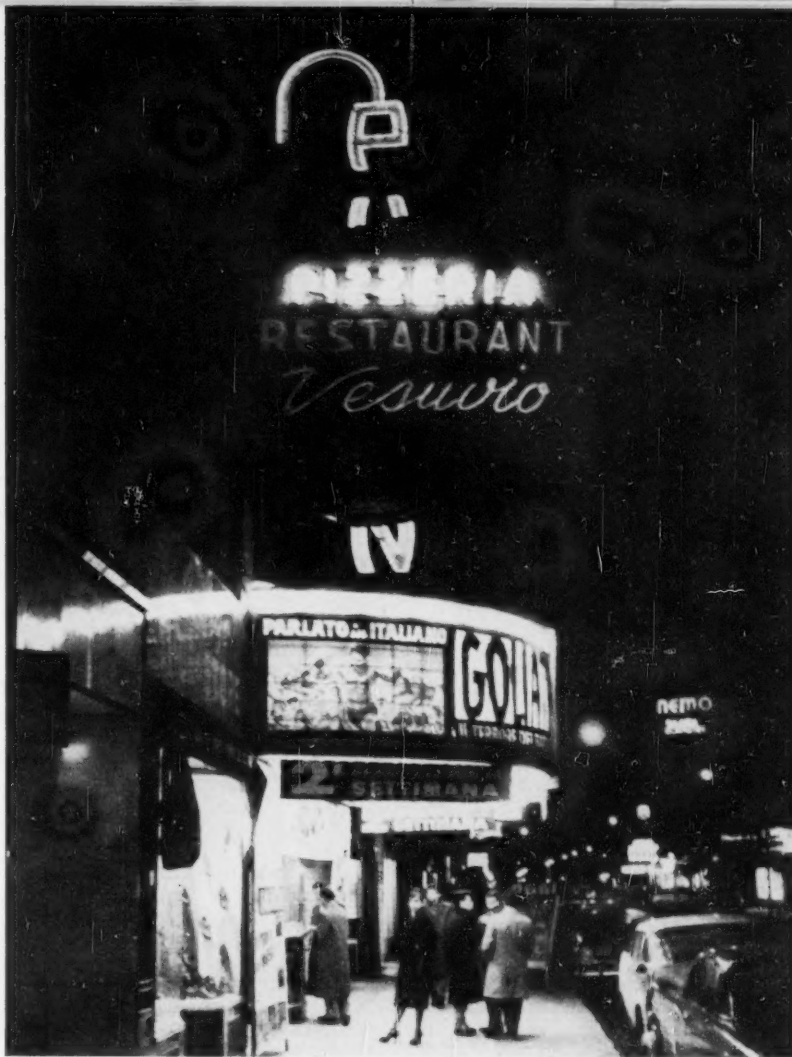
"Look," I said to my neighbor, "what is that? A bun with ground meat and cheese and now he is putting onions on it; terribly exciting."

"Also tomatoes," he said, "and relish. I think we must try that exotic dish. We might never have another chance to find out what it is."

And so we ordered four cheeseburgers.

The next surprise was the train to Toronto: its size, its massiveness and, more than anything else, the sleeper. I couldn't help associating it with those wagons used for transporting wild beasts to the zoo. The two rows of cages above each other and their unfortunate inhabitants having to undress in bed and listen to the snoring of numerous strangers, divided only by curtains, made me wonder

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



Italian films — with no English sub-titles — do a good business in Toronto's "Little Italy."



At Union Station (at 1.35 a.m.) new immigrants begin the transformation into Canadians.



## How a big-city police force really works



Many cases Chief Mackey tells about are documented in this official photo album.

# THE TOUGH ANTED

Brilliant swift deductions in the Sherlock Holmes tradition don't solve many murders. Real-life detectives crack most cases only by plodding through dozens of interviews and systematically sifting a thousand tiny clues

**BY CHIEF JAMES MACKEY**

METROPOLITAN TORONTO POLICE **AS TOLD TO SIDNEY KATZ**

THIS YEAR, fifteen or twenty men and women in Metropolitan Toronto will commit murder. They will vary greatly in age, social position, intelligence and motive. Most of them will be ordinary citizens, without a previous criminal record, driven by powerful emotions. A few will be mentally ill, the victims of fantasies and delusions, striking out against imaginary persecutors. Some will be individuals who have lost all sense of restraint, because of heavy drinking. Included in this group of murderers will probably be two or three habitual criminals, prepared to kill for personal gain or to evade capture.

When a case of murder is reported to police headquarters, members of the homicide squad immediately swing into action, gathering every last

Investigation of the infamous "Silk Stocking Murder Case" began when a passerby noticed the bare feet of a strangler's victim.

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Murder



shred of evidence and tracking down the smallest clue. Sometimes this means working three or four days without sleep. Haste is necessary because witnesses and pieces of evidence have a way of vanishing right after a crime. People are reluctant to step forward and act as witnesses, because they don't want to be involved in any way. For example, last year a woman was found murdered in High Park. At least half a dozen persons phoned in with valuable information. Some had even seen the victim with a certain man shortly before her death, but not a single caller would reveal his name or come down to headquarters to identify the suspect.

In cases where the murderer is unknown, it's imperative that he be tracked down at once, lest he strike again. Many persons, whose information about police work is derived chiefly from fiction stories, believe that most crimes are solved by brilliant deductions or by inspiration. This may be true sometimes, but more often a criminal is caught as the result of systematic, plodding, investigation. Sheer patience, determination and physical exertion are the qualities that usually pay off. Consider, for instance, the handling of one murder case early last year.

At 5.30 p.m. on March 9, 1959, in response to an urgent call, police hurried to the modest home

of an eighty-one-year-old widow. On the floor of the kitchen her body was found, her head resting on a cushion. She had been stabbed seventy-five times with her own ice pick. An unfinished cup of tea on the table and the doctor's report both indicated that death had taken place about noon of that day.

Relatives, friends and neighbors of the victim were asked, "Do you know of anyone who would have had reason to kill this woman?" But the question drew a blank. Some of the officers carefully searched the house and grounds for clues. The most significant finding was footprints in the fresh snow. They led from the back door, across the garden, over a fence and down a lane to the next street. The footprints revealed an impression made by metal-heel plates with distinctive markings. Plaster molds of the prints were carefully prepared.

Since there were no specific suspects, it was soon apparent that the police would have to track down all persons who had been on that particular block from about ten o'clock in the morning to two o'clock in the afternoon. From various government departments, names and addresses were obtained of the postman, garbage collectors, hydro-electric and road-repair men. We also compiled a list of milkmen, bakers, butchers, dry

cleaners and other delivery men who had been in the neighborhood.

Careful questioning of forty or fifty of these people revealed nothing. Officers then embarked on a door-to-door canvass of all residents on the block. One woman said a crew of salesmen had been working the block that morning, but she remarked, "I don't suppose they had anything to do with it — they were such nice young men." This was just one more lead to check out and, at the time, it was regarded with no special interest. From a receipt the woman supplied, officers were able to locate the sales crew, consisting of six men, at their quarters in a west-end motel.

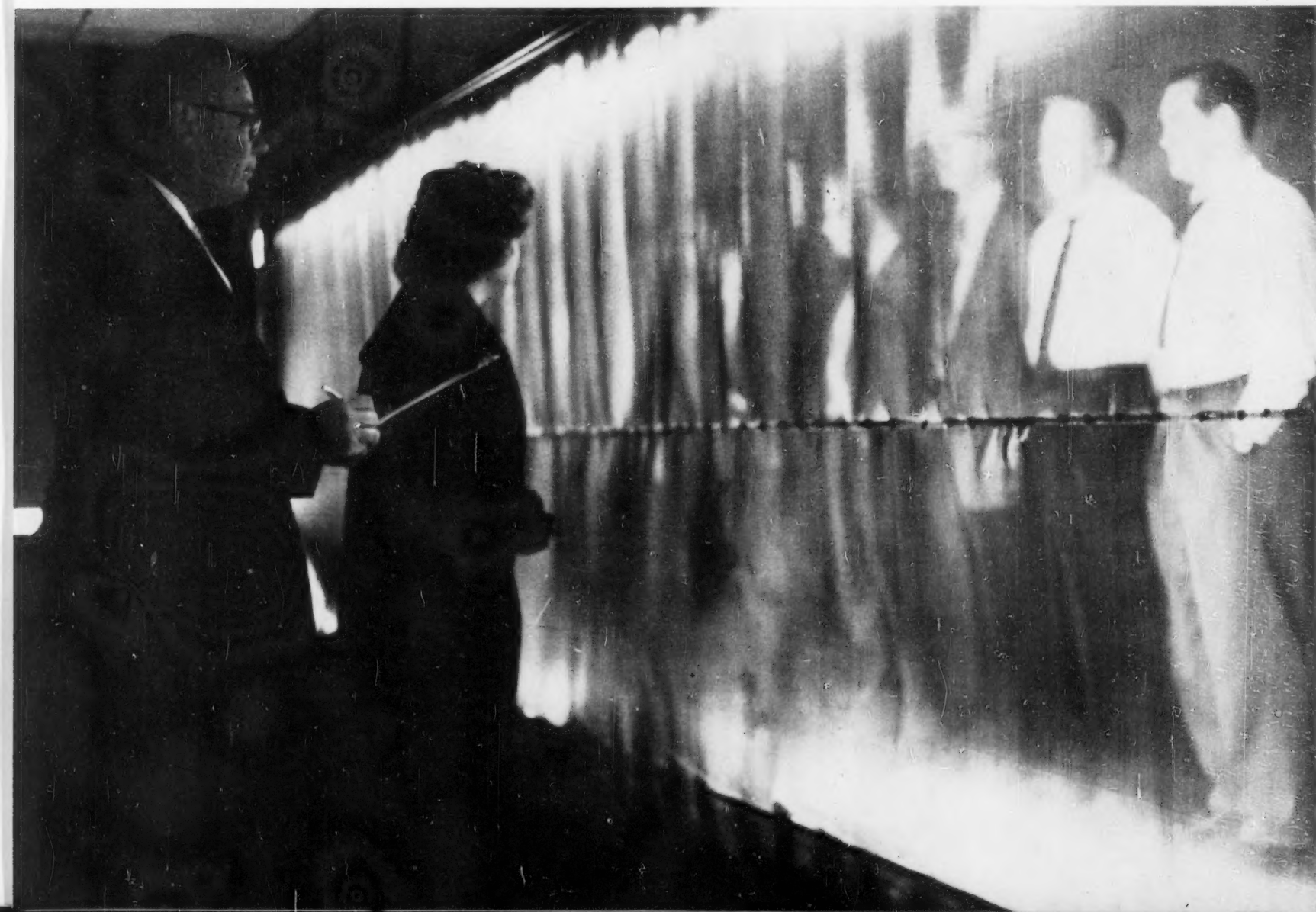
Of all the salesmen interviewed, a sixteen-year-old lad was the least likely suspect. He seemed younger than his years and was rather shy and mild-mannered. However, as police questioned him, he revealed a surprisingly savage temper. Certain questions were enough to trigger off a bitter denunciation of the police and their methods. In the closet of his room, officers discovered a pair of shoes bearing metal heel plates identical with those imprinted in the snow in the rear of the victim's home. Confronted with this evidence, the boy broke down and confessed.

Why had he committed this terrible crime? The youth had no rational

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

## TEDIOUS JOB OF CATCHING A KILLER

Murder-case witnesses, asked to pick a suspect out of a line-up of men of similar appearance, needn't fear being seen by the killer. Lighting provides one-way vision.



# Sweet & sour greetings from the Boss

by Robert Collins



## MEMORANDUM

From: Office of the President  
To: Q. P. Smith, Sales

Date: Nov. 15, 1958

As has been my custom over the years I should like to tender my personal greetings upon your joining our staff. Here at Brockleton Enterprises, we like to think of our 200 employees as a family rather than a corporate entity. I trust that you will come to share this feeling and that your stay with us will be long and fruitful.

*J. Harris Brockleton*  
per  
J. Harris Brockleton

## MEMORANDUM

From: Office of the President  
To: Q. P. Smith, Sales

Date: March 13, 1959

Good work on the Culpepper account! Jenkins tells me you are becoming a most valuable member of the team.

*J. Harris Brockleton*  
J. Harris Brockleton

## MEMORANDUM

From: Office of the President  
To: Quincy P. Smith,  
Assistant Manager, Sales

Date: Sept. 2, 1959

My heartiest congratulations on your recent appointment. Keep up the good work!

*JHB*  
J. Harris Brockleton

FROM THE DESK OF J. HARRIS BROCKLETON

QPS-  
Jenkins tells me you have organized some weekly noon-hour skits for employees in the cafeteria and are, yourself, a leading participant. An excellent idea! Should be good for morale.  
We must have lunch soon.

25/1/60

*JHB*  
JHB

"The Willows"  
3 Granite Drive  
Toronto 5

Jan. 25, 1960

Dear Quince:

Ella and I will be holding an "at home" for a few close friends and business associates next Saturday evening, and we should be delighted if you and Louise would join us.

Incidentally, I hear that your impersonations of management, at the noon-hour "show", are hilarious! Since I've never managed to arrive in time to catch your "act," why not do it for us Saturday night? I need hardly assure you that each of us in the BE family enjoys nothing more than a laugh at his own expense!

Cordially, *Boot*



*Int'l. Ind.*

## MEMORANDUM

From: Office of the President  
To: Q. P. Smith, Sales

Date: Feb. 15, 1960

## PERSONAL

I have been reviewing our position for the six months ending December 31, and find, regretfully, that it will be necessary to make some slight reduction in staff. Naturally this must be achieved on a seniority basis. I cannot tell you how much I personally deplore this situation and I need hardly assure you that I shall be pleased to provide you with the best of references . . .





*Carving's  
easy...*

**when the roast is right!**

WHEN you shop for a roast look carefully for firm, fine-grained meat with the liberal marbling of fat that distinguishes good beef. That's the way we, at Canada Packers, choose meat for you—the meat *you* buy at your grocer's. Our experienced meat people select only the finest sides of beef to be stamped with the "CP" mark. Because this is what the "CP" mark stands for: our pledge of finest quality in every product we offer you.

**It promises qualities you cannot always see**—purity, freshness, flavour and healthfulness. These we guard by scrupulous handling and careful processing, by scientific packaging, and by fast and frequent deliveries to your neighbourhood store. So when you shop, look for the "CP" mark—it helps you serve "good things to eat" at your table!

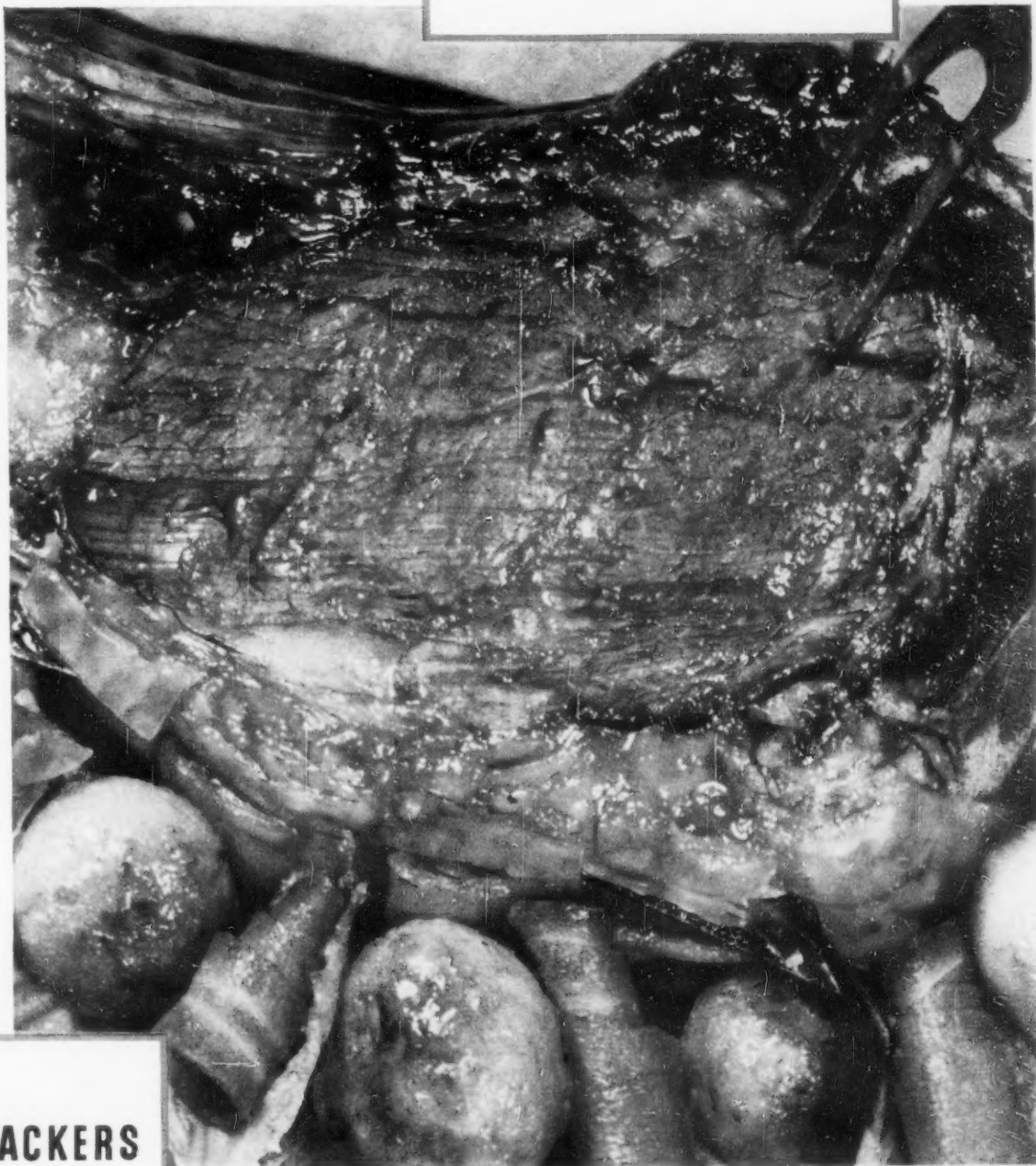
**Prepare yourself for easy carving!**

1. You need a sharp knife, a carving fork with long tines and a steel to keep the knife's edge keen.
2. Let the roast stand at room temperature for 10 minutes—it will be easier to slice.
3. Stand relaxed—with rib side to your left, carve *across grain* towards rib; pile slices on a warm serving platter.

GOOD  
THINGS  
TO EAT  
COME IN

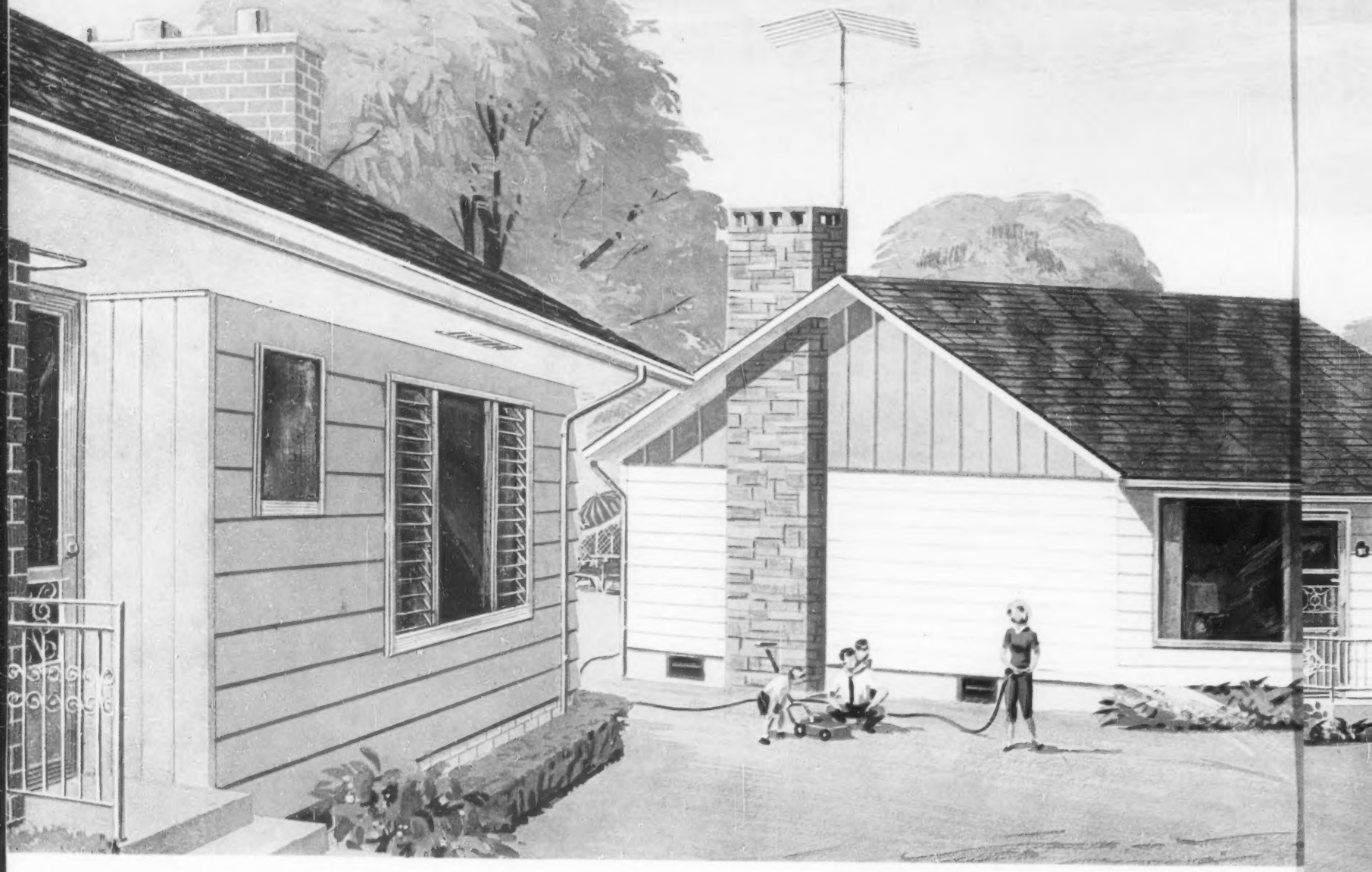


PACKAGES



*This roast is right! Standing rib, cut from choice quality Canada Packers' "red" brand beef.*

# New! Coloured Aluminum H



## NO MORE PAINTING!

New ALCAN Sheet has permanent  
baked-on enamel finish

NOW AVAILABLE ACROSS CANADA



**UP FOR KEEPS WITH NO UPKEEP!** You know all the wonderful benefits you get from aluminum windows and doors that are so light and strong, non-rusting and maintenance-free. Now all these advantages, plus *beautiful enduring colours*, are available for the complete siding of your home—whether it is of wood, brick, shingle or stucco, or is being newly built.

The new ALCAN ALUMINUM SHEET with permanent baked-on enamel finish provides the latest, longest-lasting siding developed for your better living today—and tomorrow.

**No Painting, No Maintenance** Save in time and expense. Years of painting are done within the few days it takes to apply the new siding. It eliminates all the bother and expense of constant maintenance. The rain washes it clean. It won't crack, chip, peel or flake.

**Enduring Beauty** The beautiful high quality baked-on enamel finish is available in white and a variety of exciting colours in lovely "matte" finishes. And remember it can't rust because it's on aluminum.

The new siding is supplied just like clapboard and can also provide a wide variety of vertical stylings.

**Extra Protection** ALCAN Aluminum is termiteproof, waterproof, rotproof, and gives added protection against fire because it's sparkproof and fire-resistant. A precision product, factory-manufactured by ALCAN experts, the new coloured sheet will never warp. No knot-holes mar the consistency of its quality.

**Extra Insulation** Besides the well known qualities of aluminum, much aluminum sheet is supplied with an insulating backing.

**Economy** This siding soon pays for itself. You save all the money you would otherwise pay for the usual two-coat painting job every three years. AND IT ADDS GREATLY TO A HOME'S RESALE VALUE.

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applicat  
or stucco

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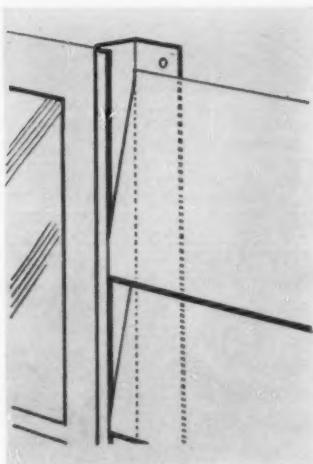
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Aluminum siding in convenient lengths is quickly and easily applied by trained applicators, over wood, brick, shingle or stucco.



The complete line of matching fittings, including pre-formed corners, assures a precision installation with weather-tight interlocking joints.



Casing trim makes tight, draft-free joints around windows and doors, eliminates caulking. All nails are concealed.

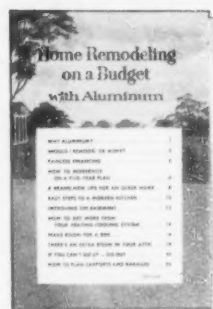
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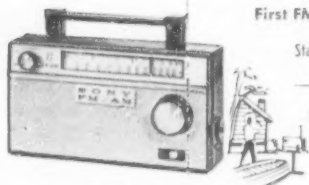
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**First FM-AM Transistorized Radio!**  
At last, virtually static-free FM plus Standard Broadcast reception in a truly portable radio! Weighs only 3½ lbs. — measures only 9¼" x 5" x 2¼" — operates on 4 flashlight batteries. Rabbit-ear antenna for FM folds into a carrying handle. Can be used as an FM-AM tuner for a hi-fi audio system. 12 transistors.  
**SONY TR-608 \$49.95**

**Now 3 Bands for Domestic, Marine and Foreign Listening!**

AM, Marine and Shortwave bands let you tune in the world. Powerful! Compact! Light! Weighs only 5½ lbs. Handsome case measures only 10" x 6¼" x 3¾". 4 flashlight batteries last for months.  
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the 14 new  
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Models  
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available



Unequalled in its  
price class  
**Sony TR-608 \$49.95**



Truly portable  
table radio  
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Amazing tone,  
volume and power  
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Mahogany case,  
unique tonal quality  
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In Paris dress designers say  
'the smartest thing for night or day  
is  
**DUBO  
DUBON  
DUBONNET'**



Dubonnet is right  
for any kind of day.  
Try it with gin,  
with soda,  
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a twist of lemon peel.

Dubonnet is ideal to  
keep at home in case of  
unexpected guests.  
Keep Dubonnet at  
home, and you can  
expect guests!

## The weird and savage cult of Brother 12

Continued from page 22

**"Eight thousand adherents all over North America were contributing to the Vancouver Island colony"**

certificate. After the war he stayed several years in Italy, studying theosophy and other occult religions with a group of exiled cultists. There he became converted — or so he was to say — to the doctrine of reincarnation and to the belief that, within a measurable time, the planet Aquarius, the eleventh sign of the Zodiac, would collide with the earth and destroy all mankind, except for a chosen few.

Wilson then conceived the idea of passing himself off as the earthly representative of a supernatural group he called the "Chela." This, like the Zodiac, had twelve members who, except for Wilson, floated about in space or the "Outer World." As Brother 12, he explained that his mission was to found an earthly refuge for "a chosen few" against the oncoming doom. There, to make themselves worthy of their trust, the select few would follow "The Three Truths" as set forth in Wilson's privately printed book. These were: Work, Order and Obedience — obedience, of course, to Brother 12.

This, then, was the "new dispensation" and Brother 12, or Edward Arthur Wilson, in June, 1926, took it with him, not immediately back to Vancouver Island, but first to Southampton, England. There, putting up at a rooming house and hiring a small hall, he gathered the local theosophists about him. From the platform, attired in his yellow robe, a wispy black beard hiding his receding chin, speaking as the delegate of the Chela, he harangued them night after night about the fateful future of mankind. Members of the Theosophical Society in London and other cities, some of them having read *The Three Truths*, came to swell his audiences.

On a memorable night in July, Brother 12, his palm against his forehead, said that he was about to be overcome by a *salimadi*: the Brothers in the Outer World had a message for him and he must go into a trance to receive it. He retired behind a black curtain. When he reappeared half an hour later, his brow was sweating and his eyes lambent. He had been with the other Brothers "by projection." They were sitting on the inner edge of a ring of clouds, staring down into "the Void." At the bottom of the Void were all the stars and, lower than the stars, the earth and its puny solar system. A weird Aeolian music was all about. Rosy-cheeked cherubim flitted, now here, now there, and angels flew by with a rush of wings and the twinkle of golden shoes.

The Sacred Brothers from their eminence had shown him where to build his "place of refuge" on earth against the collision with Aquarius. An assistant had unrolled an admiralty chart against the blackboard and Brother 12 leveled his pointer against a spot off the west coast of North America — a spot he said he had never been to. There, he added, without blinking an eye, on an inlet on the eastern shore of Vancouver Island he would erect his "fortress for the future." Those who went with him would have to be "uncritical, silent and loyal." As equals in a communal society, they "must renounce all their worldly goods" — re-

nounce them all, that is, to Brother 12.

By now he was preaching to the converted. Truth, for them, came down from the "Brotherhood of Adepts" with whom he was in touch. Among the faithful were Alfred Barley, businessman and scholar, and his wife, a London school teacher for almost thirty years. Incredibly, this glib but well-intentioned couple decided to give up all they had and follow the unlikely figure of Brother 12. Within the next few weeks Barley wound up his importing business, booked passage for himself and his wife to Montreal and surrendered to his supposed benefactor the equivalent of \$14,000 in cash.

With this and other donations raised during a lecture tour of eastern Canada, Brother 12 by May, 1927, had established the Aquarian Foundation. The society was duly incorporated, its powers and funds in the hands of its founder. Its secretary was Robert England, for eight

### As it develops

Although it appears I've been  
betrayed  
By one of my hunches, I'm  
undismayed.  
I had a feeling all along  
That this particular hunch was  
wrong!

MAY RICHSTONE

years a secret service agent of the U.S. treasury department. The Foundation's original settlement was at Cedar-by-the-Sea, south of Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island.

Within a year eight thousand adherents all over North America were contributing to the upkeep of Cedar-by-the-Sea. A lawyer of Kansas city was in such a hurry that he wired ten thousand dollars. The Three Truths and a magazine, *The Chalice* (Aquarius is the "water bearer"), had a wide circulation among North American theosophists, the magazine informing them of the need for money. Brother 12 soon had as a member of his cult, Roger Painter, millionaire poultryman from Florida who, on his later sworn testimony, gave ninety thousand dollars. William Levington Comfort, short-story writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, came and wrote an introduction to Brother 12's second book, *Foundation Letters and Teachings*, printed (as was *The Chalice*) at Akron, Ohio. Coulson Turnbull, Ph.D., of Philadelphia, and James J. Lippincott, of the publishing family, were others who paid dearly for their fealty to a mountebank.

One of the most eager new adherents was Mrs. Mary Connolly, who was, ironically, to become Brother 12's nemesis. Once the wealthy socialite daughter of the U.S. ambassador to Spain, she was now a gray-haired widow of sixty-two. She wrote to Brother 12 from her home in Asheville, N.C., saying she had read





Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best in the House."

## Race of

# "GIANTS!"

**1** "A 500-yard dash is murder—especially when you're ten feet tall. And any man is a giant wearing the stilts the shepherds wear at festival time in the south of France," writes Wendy Hilty, famous photographer friend of Canadian Club. "Once a vital part of life for these 'echassiers', the stilts raise a man four feet above ground. Threading my way through a herd of sheep on stilts was an obstacle race I'll never forget."



**2** "Mounting the stilts wasn't easy. The echassiers hoist themselves hand over hand up a pole. I needed help. A leg breaks faster than one of these hard-pine stilts, so I giant-stepped gingerly."



**3** "I didn't win the race, but I did get to present the prize, a woolly lamb, to the winner. Years ago, when this land was a region of small knolls, the shepherds stood all day on their stilts to spot straying sheep. Today they trot the stilts out only for festivals."

**4** "I came down to earth when I spotted a more familiar sight at the cafe in nearby Brocas—a bottle of Canadian Club! But that was no 'stray' for I find Canadian Club almost everywhere I travel."

*Why this worldwide popularity?* It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long... in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club yourself and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.

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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II  
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his books and *The Chalice* and was quite interested in joining the foundation. Indicating that she had more than twenty thousand dollars to contribute, she asked if she could meet Brother 12 before finally making up her mind.

Brother 12 was deeply moved by the lucrative possibilities of such sentiments. After an exchange of letters and telegrams, they met in the lobby of a Toronto hotel. There Mrs. Connolly wrote a cheque for \$25,850 and promised to join Brother 12 in B.C. after settling her affairs in North Carolina.

On his way back on the train, Brother 12 met Mrs. Myrtle Baumgartner, wife of a wealthy physician at Clifton Hills, N.Y. Young, dark, with the eyes of a stricken doe, she was on her way to California for a holiday. Brother 12 soon had other plans for her. Dressed in tweeds, beard jutting, giving off the heavy scent he favored, he convinced her that 26,000 years before he had been Osiris, Egyptian god of the underworld. She had been his wife and sister, Isis, goddess of motherhood and fertility. Their duty in their present reincarnation was to join together

in holy union to produce Horus, who would wear the sun on his brow and be the world's redeemer. Faced with this dazzling prospect, the woman did not hesitate. Writing her husband of her decision, she went with her new-found deity to his paradise on Vancouver Island.

With Mrs. Connolly's money, Brother 12 bought the de Courcy Islands, off shore from Cedar-by-the-Sea, and four hundred acres of neighboring Valdes Island. Mrs. Connolly's \$25,850 cheque was just a beginning. She was eventually to contribute an estimated \$520,000.

The coming of Mrs. Baumgartner, or Isis, to Cedar-by-the-Sea brought dissension. Brother 12 took her with him into his House of Mystery. This was the first such house. The second was to be on de Courcy. The first, standing back in the cedar trees, was little more than a shack. It was out of bounds for all the rest of Brother 12's followers. They muttered complaints when Isis passed its forbidden portal.

The mutterings became more vocal when Robert England, the one-time secret-service man and secretary of the foundation, learned that two thirds of Mrs. Connolly's money, instead of going into the corporate funds, had gone to Brother 12. He had changed cheques and cash into gold coins, which he put into pint preserving jars, each sealed with wax and enclosed in a wooden frame. Bruce Crawford, a retired businessman of Lakeland, Florida, made the frames and buried the treasure in cement vaults. By 1933 he had made by his own count, given in court, one hundred and forty-three of these frames. What Brother 12 did not convert into coin, he put into small bills.

One spring morning in 1929, while Brother 12 was aboard the *Princess Elaine*, bound for Vancouver on private business — in this instance a teenaged girl waiting for him on a street corner — Robert England went to Nanaimo and laid a charge of embezzlement against his employer.

Brother 12 was seized by the police as he stepped ashore and was taken back to Nanaimo. There, being informed by one of the faithful that England had set off for Vancouver, Brother 12 laid a counter-charge accusing England of absconding with \$2,800 of the colony's funds. England, too, was arrested at the dock.

#### "Black Magic" in court

At the trial, Frank Cunliffe, acting for Brother 12, produced only one defense witness: Mary Connolly, whose money was in question. She testified that she had given it to the defendant as "a personal gift."

"Do you mean to say," asked magistrate C. H. Beevor-Potts, "that you gave this man \$25,000 with no conditions whatever attached?"

Mrs. Connolly corrected the magistrate. "It was \$25,850," she said.

Toward the end of the trial, strange things began to happen. During his summing up, the crown counsel, Tom Morton, forgot his words, several witnesses keeled over and proceedings were adjourned while windows were opened to clear the air. In this some saw evidence of black magic.

Beevor-Potts passed the case up to a higher court, where no "true bill" was found against either of the defendants. England left British Columbia and later won distinction in the British Intelligence in World War II.

At the colony Brother 12 developed his new island properties, helped by further donations from Mrs. Connolly. The colonists built the second and more imposing House of Mystery on de Courcy. They built houses for themselves, a sawmill and a school. Brother 12 bought an ocean-going tug, which he named *Kheunaten* after an Egyptian god, and a tractor, to clear land for himself.

His people had to clear their own land by hand, carrying the stones off in baskets, which they emptied on the seashore. For implements they had picks, shovels, hoes, and mattocks. Their work began at dawn and ended after sunset. Those who

*Continued on page 39*

**Loneliness disappears...in seconds**  
she's close again to those she loves,  
hearing their voices, sharing news.  
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*For instance, Jack's call to his mother about 800 miles away cost only \$1.90 for 3 minutes, after 6 p.m.*

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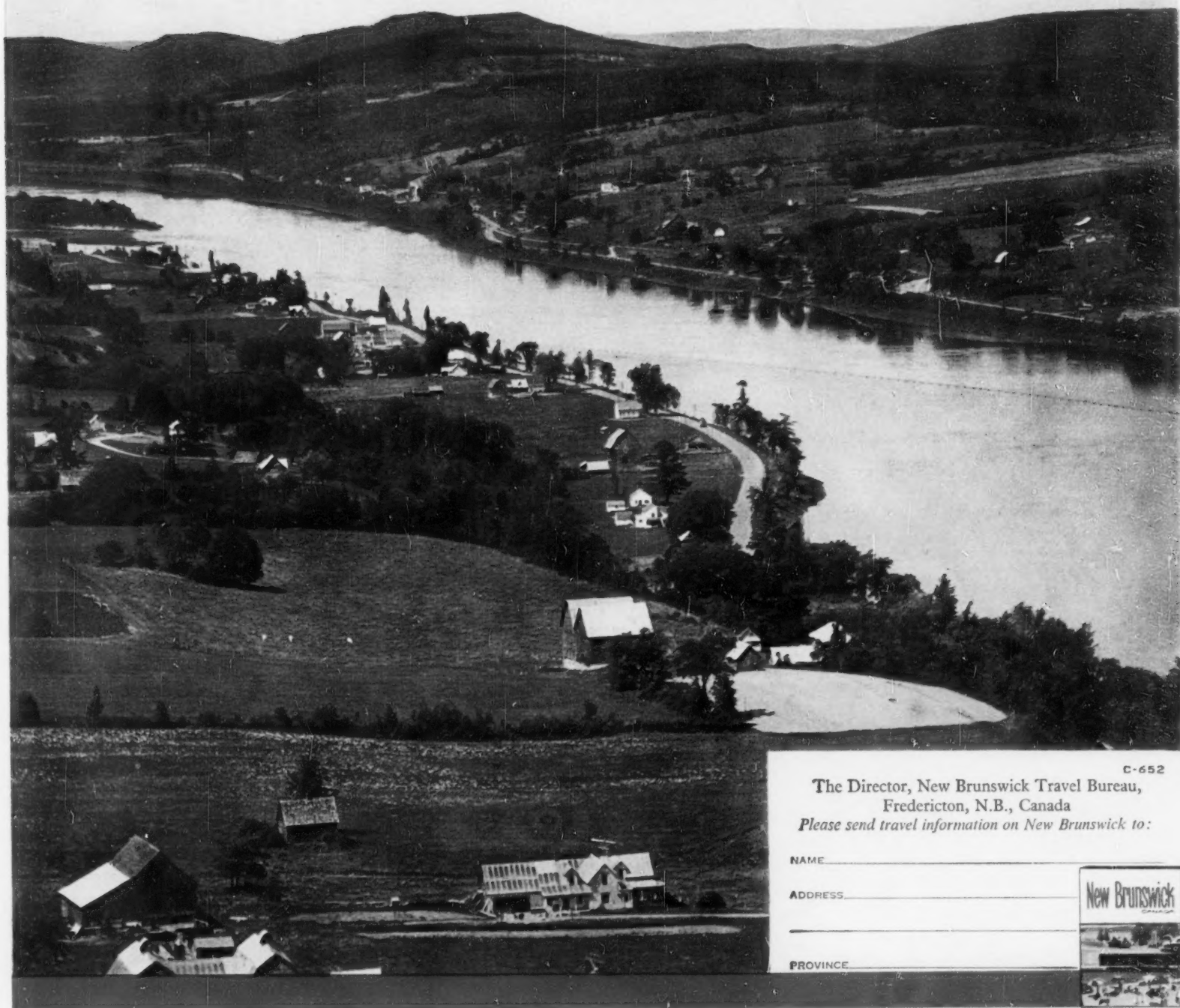


*Some have called it "The Rhine of North America"; to us, it is simply "The River" . . . and its beauty is an invitation to New Brunswick. From its headwaters in the County of Madawaska, the St. John River flows 450 leisurely miles to the sea . . . tumbles over the thundering cataract at Grand Falls, glides beneath the world's longest covered bridge at Hartland . . . past deep-running salmon pools . . . through*

*the cathedral city of Fredericton, with its magnificent new Beaverbrook Art Gallery and gracious elm-lined boulevards . . . through tranquil villages and farm lands to the river's end, the turbulent natural wonder of the Reversing Falls by the old Loyalist port city of Saint John. Busy car ferries (they are free) tempt one to side-trips; marinas and boatels invite boating enthusiasts to enjoy the river's spectacular*

*beauty. Motorists follow the river's course on part of the new Trans-Canada Highway, just one of many excellent roads in New Brunswick . . . other scenic highways lure you to the distinctive resort playgrounds of Fundy National Park, to St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, or to Shediac Beach . . . but our colorful brochure will tell you much more about Canada's "Picture Province." Why not write for it today?*

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# To Europe With Love

Say your good-byes.

It's all ashore that's going ashore.

Suddenly your stateroom empties onto the deck and you're waving from the rail at faces below. A tingling of anticipation touches you as the ship ups anchor, gracefully bows out to sea.

*Good-bye land!*

Soon the last shapes of earth stretch into penciled lines between sea and sky. Strange feeling.

Gingerly, at first, you try on your new horizon-to-horizon world. Its peace and quiet fit you well. Scattering the harried minutes of crowded days. Sweeping cares away with the freshness of the air around you.

You breathe deeply. For once.

And then it happens.

The overpowering sense of *space* comes on you suddenly, rushes on you unawares.

The bigness of the sea around you.

The bigness of the *ship* around you.

Decks, rooms, companionways, lounges. Dining rooms. Sun decks. Play decks. Children's rooms.

*Living room.*

What did the lady say: when does this *place* get to Europe?

This isn't just *going* somewhere. This is *being* somewhere!

You dream ahead of the sights you'll see and the happy times you'll have when the ship gets in.

But right now your heart is here, as you play, laugh, dine, enjoy your way to Europe with people who were just nameless strangers a skyline ago. People you will remember warmly and forever for having shared your ship with you.

And though others will come after you, long after this crossing is merely another parting of the waters, your ship will always be yours, your ship will always be a *part* of going to Europe.

Remembered, with love.





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*Enjoy your trip, go by ship  
to all Europe*

The British Isles... Scandinavia... Mediterranean

## "As his new 'companion,' Madame Zee drove the colonists relentlessly"

thought of escape realized that they were elderly and penniless, and they feared the curse Brother 12 would put on them.

In the cool of the day they gathered to hear him speak from under the branches of a moss-hung maple tree. He said, "The world will say, 'This man'—myself—is mad," but it has always said so of all who departed from its miserable conventionalities. Moses, Gideon, the Baptist, all were mad. Jesus was mad. Of him they said, "He hath a devil." Savonarola, Galileo, Madame Blavatsky (founder of theosophy)—all were mad, in the opinion of the mediocre—mad or inspired. I also am mad—or inspired, but I am not mediocre. I am not a person filled with power, but a Power using a personality.

"The hour has struck for this earth to be plowed and harrowed. I have been called to drive the plow. You must choose whether you will be the plowshare or the clod which is broken, for the ground must be prepared that the seed may be sown."

The "clods" with blistered hands, wishing to become "plowshares," listened with open mouths.

One shadow fell across this idyll of sweat and tears: Isis did not bear a boy, a reincarnated Horus. She had a miscarriage and went insane. Mrs. Connolly cared for her for a time in Victoria. Later she was sent to an eastern mental hospital.

The man who had brought about her downfall blamed it on his followers. They had not been sincere in their hearts, he said, and for their wrong thinking they must submit to further penance.

The instrument for their chastisement was at hand. She was Mrs. Mabel Skottowe, nee Rowbotham, who arrived in mid-1929. In her thirties, she was tall, red-headed, so thin-lipped that her mouth was no more than a horizontal scar. She received the title "Zura de Valdes" or "Madame Zee."

"Zura de Valdes," Brother 12 told his disciples, "is my eyes, my mouth, my ears and what she says comes from me." Madame Zee moved into the House of Mystery and, with a tongue that could have put a Rocky Mountain packer to shame, drove the colonists to exhaustion and distraction.

Late in 1929, Mrs. Connolly lost a lawsuit in Washington, D.C. It left her penniless. Madame Zee roused her at midnight in her house at Cedar-by-the-Sea and had the old woman and her few effects loaded into a rowboat and dumped onto the beach of Valdes Island. From there, in darkness, she had to carry her possessions on her back to a hill-top shack three quarters of a mile away.

In fear of losing her own soul, she began the next day to hoe, disc and harrow three acres by hand. Leola Painter, wife of the poultryman from Florida, was her immediate overseer. Mrs. Painter undertook her duty at the threat of being separated from her husband. Husbands and wives were frequently put on separate islands. Another woman, Georgina Crawford, had to herd goats from two in the morning until ten at night.

About this time, Brother 12 invited Carlin Ruddle, of Seattle, and his young bride to visit him on de Courcy. Taking the girl aside, he persuaded her to return to Seattle, quarrel with her husband, leave him and rejoin the colony. When she dutifully carried out the plan, her husband followed, rowing ten miles from the town of Chemainus. When he reached de Courcy Island late at night, armed

guards prevented him from landing. He came back the next day with a provincial policeman but failed to find his bride. Brother 12 had hidden her in a garret, and she made no outcry. Days later a Japanese fisherman found her wandering on a beach near Ladysmith. Presumably she returned to her groom.

In January 1930, Madame Zee and Brother 12 departed for England, leaving Alfred Barley and Roger Painter in charge of the colony. In November they returned on the twenty-five ton Brixton trawler Lady Royal, having made a daring crossing of the Atlantic and up the west coast under sail, with no auxiliary power. The trawler was a gift of some of the faithful in England.

Brother 12 had with him an illicit cargo of rifles and two cases of grenades. He now set about fortifying his islands, building three blockhouses with intersecting lines of fire. By now he was showing strong symptoms of paranoia.

### The rebels go to court

From England he had written commanding Roger Painter to "sever the etheric and physical bodies" of three of his "enemies." These were: Harry Pooley, then attorney-general of B.C., Joshua Hinchcliffe, education minister, and E. A. Lucas, Vancouver lawyer. "I want at least one scalp by the time I reach Panama," he wrote.

With Brother 12 back, conditions in the colony grew worse. He demanded more and more work from such penniless members as Mrs. Connolly, in an effort to force them to leave. In the spring of 1933, when they could no longer endure the hardship, she and Alfred Barley filed suit for recovery of their money in the supreme court at Nanaimo, alleging misrepresentation and misappropriation of funds against Brother 12, alias Wilson, who had now changed his legal name to Amiel de Valdes, and against the Aquarian Foundation.

In the two days of proceedings, no witnesses for the defense appeared. Chief Justice Eulay Morrison awarded Mrs. Connolly \$26,500 for money she had advanced, \$10,000 damages and the four hundred acres on Valdes Island. Barley won his case for the return of \$14,232.

However, except for the land, the plaintiffs' victory was a hollow one. Even as their case was before the court, Brother 12 de-camped on the tug Kheunaten with his consort, Madame Zee, and his 143 jars of gold coins. Before leaving, he scuttled the Lady Royal and razed most of the buildings on the islands. He spared the House of Mystery.

Ten days later, the Kheunaten was identified in northern waters by a provincial policeman who knew nothing of the court action or of the gold below her deck. The tug vanished into the mists.

On November 7, 1934, a man who went by the name of Julian Churton Skottowe died in Neuchâtel, Switzerland. Named as executrix of his estate, which the Swiss authorities were to trace back to Nanaimo, B.C., was Mrs. Mabel Skottowe—Madame Zee—whose married name he had taken. The estate was barely sufficient to pay the costs of its settlement. Possibly tight-lipped Madame Zee knew more than she professed of the whereabouts of the golden fortune.

After the Aquarian Foundation, following the court's order, disbanded, Mrs. Connolly remained for a few years on Valdes with a caretaker, Sam Grunall. Leaving for a nursing home in North Carolina in 1941, she said to him, "For the old Brother, I'd give that much money again, if I had it to give."

Brother 12 was to have a final word. After Mrs. Connolly had gone, Grunall uncovered a cement vault sunk in the ground beneath an outbuilding on Valdes. Here at one time treasure had been buried. Lifting the lid by its iron ring, Grunall found a message scrawled in white on a bundle of tar paper. It said: "For fools and traitors, nothing!" ★



"She's still a little on the modest side."

# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



## BEST BET

**MAN ON A STRING:** Ernest Borgnine, the love-starved butcher Marty of a few years ago, gives another persuasive performance in this true-life spy thriller. His role is that of a Russian-born Hollywood movie producer who ruefully does a few favors to Soviet espionage as a way of rescuing his aged father from behind the Iron Curtain. Then he becomes a "double agent" — a counterspy for the West while ostensibly making a documentary film in Berlin. On-the-spot photography in several world capitals is a substantial asset throughout. With Kerwin Mathews, Alexander Scourby, Colleen Dewhurst.

**FOLLOW A STAR:** Another of the strained British comedies which centre around Norman Wisdom, a sort of English equivalent of Jerry Lewis. This time he's a suit-presser whose crooning voice is slickly stolen by a fading singer (Jerry Desmond) through stealthy tape recordings. Hattie Jacques as a mountainous vocal teacher and Richard Wattis as a baffled psychiatrist are often funnier than the star.

**PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES:** Jean Kerr's best-seller was a plotless package of anecdotes about her parental ordeal in raising a houseful of Lovable Brats. The movie, although droll in spots, clumsily tries to make a big thing of the fact that Daddy (David Niven) is a New York drama critic, balefully pursued by a bosomy actress (Janis Paige) whose work he had scorned. Doris Day is the long-suffering Mommy. Rating: fair.

**TOBY TYLER:** Another reminder seems in order concerning Walt Disney's boy-at-a-circus adventure, a genial comedy-drama already saluted in this corner. It's a fine "family" show.

**TOO SOON TO LOVE:** Kept apart by the girl's narrow-minded father, two teenagers soon find themselves "in trouble." Then the boy ineptly attempts a robbery, his only way of raising some money in a hurry. The film is just as inept as the robbery. Jennifer West and Richard Evans are the luckless lovers.

**THE TRIAL OF SERGEANT RUTLEDGE:** The once-great director John Ford resumes his love affair with the bygone U.S. Cavalry in this long and corny court-martial drama. The accused (Woody Strode) is a hitherto blameless Negro soldier on trial for rape and murder. Jeffrey Hunter ably portrays the young white officer who defends him.

## GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**Ben-Hur:** Biblical drama. Excellent.  
**The Big Fisherman:** Bible drama. Fair.  
**The Bramble Bush:** "Adult" drama. Fair.  
**Cash McCall:** Comedy-drama. Fair.  
**Eugene Onegin:** Filmed opera. Good.  
**Espresso Bongo:** British comedy. Good.  
**Flame Over India:** Drama. Good.  
**The Gazebo:** Murder comedy. Fair.  
**Gene Krupa Story:** Biog-musical. Fair.  
**Happy Anniversary:** Sexy farce. Fair.  
**Home From the Hill:** Drama. Good.  
**The Hypnotic Eye:** Horror. Fair.  
**I'm All Right, Jack:** Comedy. Good.  
**Jack the Ripper:** Whodunit. Fair.  
**Jet Over the Atlantic:** Suspense. Fair.  
**Journey to the Centre of the Earth:** Science fiction. Good.  
**The Last Angry Man:** Drama. Good.  
**The Last Voyage:** Suspense. Excellent.  
**Left, Right and Centre:** Comedy. Fair.  
**Li'l Abner:** Comic musical. Good.  
**Masters of the Congo Jungle:** African documentary story. Excellent.  
**The Mouse That Roared:** Comedy. Good.

**Never So Few:** War romance. Good.  
**Odds Against Tomorrow:** Drama. Good.  
**Once More, With Feeling!** Comedy with music. Fair.  
**Our Man in Havana:** Spy comedy. Good.  
**Pretty Boy Floyd:** Crime drama. Fair.  
**The Purple Gang:** Crime drama. Poor.  
**The Rookie:** Army comedy. Poor.  
**Seven Thieves:** Crime drama. Good.  
**Sink the Bismarck!** War-at-sea drama. Excellent.  
**Solomon and Sheba:** Bible epic. Fair.  
**SOS Pacific:** Suspense drama. Good.  
**The Story on Page One:** Courtroom drama. Excellent.  
**Strangers of Bombay:** Melodrama. Poor.  
**Suddenly, Last Summer:** Ultra-"adult" psychological drama. Fair.  
**Tall Story:** Campus comedy. Fair.  
**Tokyo After Dark:** Drama. Fair.  
**A Touch of Larceny:** Comedy. Good.  
**Upstairs and Downstairs:** Comedy. Fair.  
**Who Was That Lady?** Comedy. Fair.  
**The Wreck of the Mary Deare:** Sea mystery-drama. Excellent.



## How an immigrant girl fell in love with Canada

Continued from page 27

whether all that has been written about the advanced comforts of North America wasn't just a pack of lies.

As it turned out it was not. The coach seat to which my meager means entitled me (I had just peeked at the pullman) was most comfortable, although it did not open into a bed, which according to the rumors circulated on the boat it was supposed to do.

The night was long and I had enough time to reflect on the first day spent in the land of promise: this wonderful country with a great future. I examined my new shoes and found that they did not fit. A wonderful country, I thought, but for whom? How many years have I got to assimilate and become part of that great future?

The train was running through night-black fields; I looked at all those alien faces around me, hiding behind huge papers or lying on the pillows the porter supplied for a quarter, the potential shareholders of that great future: my new brothers; and I felt lost and out of place, homesick, not for the little town where I happened to be born, but for the Continent; my smashed, ruined, corrupted and demoralized Europe; my home.

Viewed from the exit of Union Station, Toronto looked very impressive. My eyes devoured the skyscrapers, the trademark of North America in all European minds. Satisfied that I had come to the right place after all, I decided to leave my luggage at the station and take a walk to purchase some aspirins.

A young couple walked by carrying their son in a canvas contraption with his two little legs hanging out from two holes.

"Excuse me," I stopped them, "could you tell me where I could buy some aspirins?"

"There is a drugstore just before the corner," the woman said. "Can you see the sign?"

She pointed in the direction of a

blue neon sign and I thanked her. "You're welcome," she said.

Welcome? I looked at my clothing and wondered whether it was by this that she could tell I had just arrived. In any case, I thought, it was nice of her to welcome me.

Bay Street was crowded with rushing people. It was around nine o'clock in the morning. Carefully made-up girls in clean, neat cottons passed me, with every hair in place, as if they had had an early morning session at the hairdresser's and had put on their Sunday best for the rare and festive occasion of walking on Bay Street.

The busy businessmen getting in and out of huge cars, occasionally in the company of a well-fed briefcase, were a poor contrast to the immaculate females. They wore sloppy suits that gave the impression of having been constantly washed and re-washed in big washing machines. Their shirts, however, made up for the shapelessness of the suits. With their hard, unbending well-starchedness, they gave me the feeling that if their owners were to drop suddenly out of them, they would still continue to walk along with a proud, rigid step.

I reached the blue sign saying "Drugstore" and looked bewildered at the rubber elephants, birthday cards and nylon stockings in the window.

This couldn't be it, I thought, looking at the sandwich-serving waitresses behind the glass. But after the shock of the first moment I discovered a display of revitalizing medicines among the cameras and the wrapping papers and the colorful pocket books. I recovered my hope that they might even sell drugs in a drugstore.

After I consumed two aspirins that surprisingly enough were just like the aspirins at home, I boarded a streetcar and showed the driver the dirty slip of paper which contained the address of the only person I knew in Canada. She was a middle-aged lady who had emigrated a few





years ago and who, I hoped, would help me find some suitable accommodation.

To my great disappointment the streetcar soon left the lovely skyscrapers. The houses were getting smaller and smaller and the streets more disorganized. On the corner of one I saw used refrigerators and second-hand rubber boats displayed on the sidewalk. I was already cursing

single bathroom served as a shrine in front of which numerous believers lined up every hour of every day.

I met various landladies of various sizes and nationalities, who looked me up and down as if I was a prospective professional. It turned out, however, that this was not the idea at all, because the obligatory sentence "and no male visitors at

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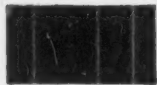
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# ROYALCOTE CHERRY

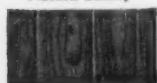
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These panels, like all wood panelling, will show some variation of shade from panel to panel. In order to take advantage of this, it is important that the bundles be opened and the panels arranged along the wall before application is started. This will enable you to select the panels for the proper matching of shade and will permit you to obtain distinctive effects by pre-selecting the correct panel for each part of the room.

## CONDITIONING PANELS

Where humidity conditions are close to normal, unwrap panels and stand them separately on their long edges around room for a period of at least 24 hours prior to application. This procedure permits panels to stabilize to existing moisture conditions before they are applied.

In areas where high humidity prevails or may occur as in basements in summer time, panels should be pre-expanded before application. This may best be accomplished by piling panels flat for 24 hours back to back with wet newspaper placed between the screen backs and taking care that the paper is not closer than 1" to all edges.

In abnormally damp areas, due to wet plaster, wet concrete or similar temporary conditions of the building, wait until the room has dried out before conditioning as above and installing.

## CUTTING AND WORKING

All Royalcote products may be cut and worked with ordinary carpenters' tools using standard woodworking methods.

A cross-cut type of hand saw with 8 to 12 teeth per inch and a No. 6 set is most satisfactory for making straight cuts. A coping, compass, or jig saw may be used for cutting irregular, curved or inside edges. Cross-cut or combination blades are recommended for circular power saws and carbide tip blades are recommended for extensive cutting. All cuts should be made from the face side except where using portable circular power saws. When routing or shaping Royalcote products use carbide tip bits and cutters.

Circular holes may be cut with a twist drill or brace and bit. Rough edges may be dressed with a plane, file, or sandpaper.

## NAILING INSTRUCTIONS

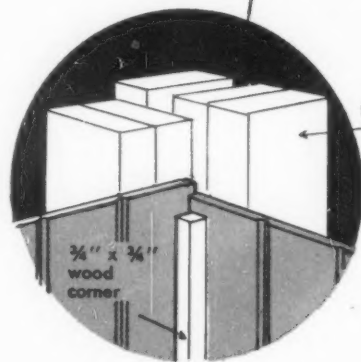
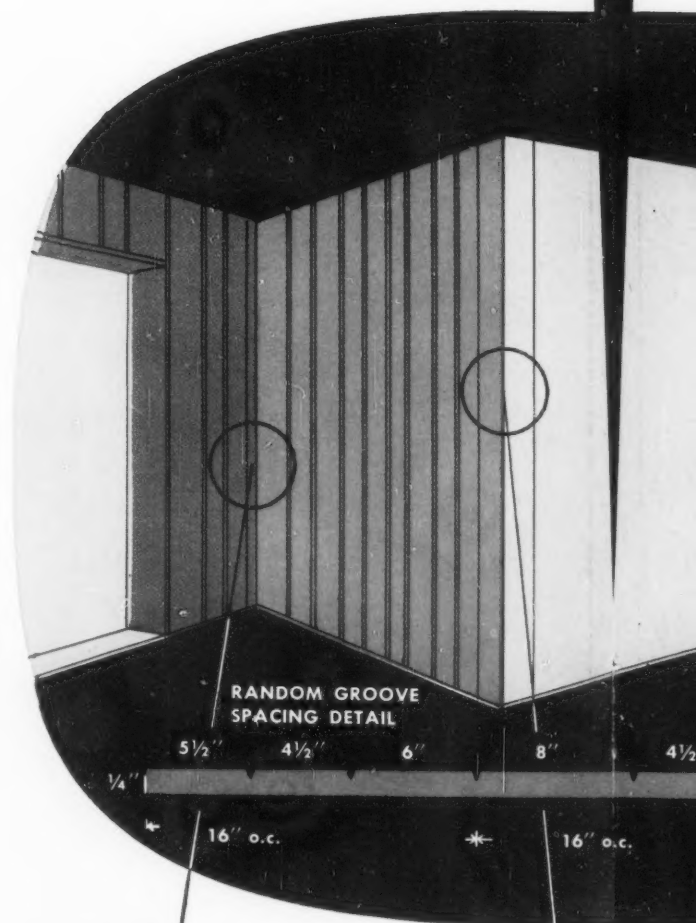
Prior to driving nails, drill slightly below the panel surface at nail locations with a drill bit slightly smaller than the shank of the nail. When using 1 1/4" finishing nails use a No. 52 drill gauge or drill diameter of 1/8". When using 1 1/4" ring-groove nails use a No. 47 drill gauge or 3/8" drill diameter. For the best appearance, nail in the grooves and set the nail heads slightly below the surface. Fill the holes with putty.

## FINISHING

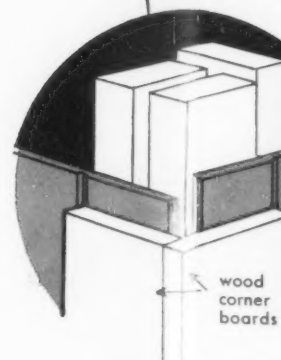
Masonite Woodgrains have a factory applied finish and require no further treatment. Wax can be applied if desired for a higher sheen.

# ROYALCOTE

## MASONITE WOODGRAIN



INSIDE CORNER

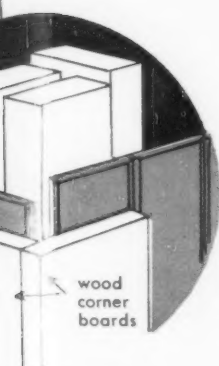
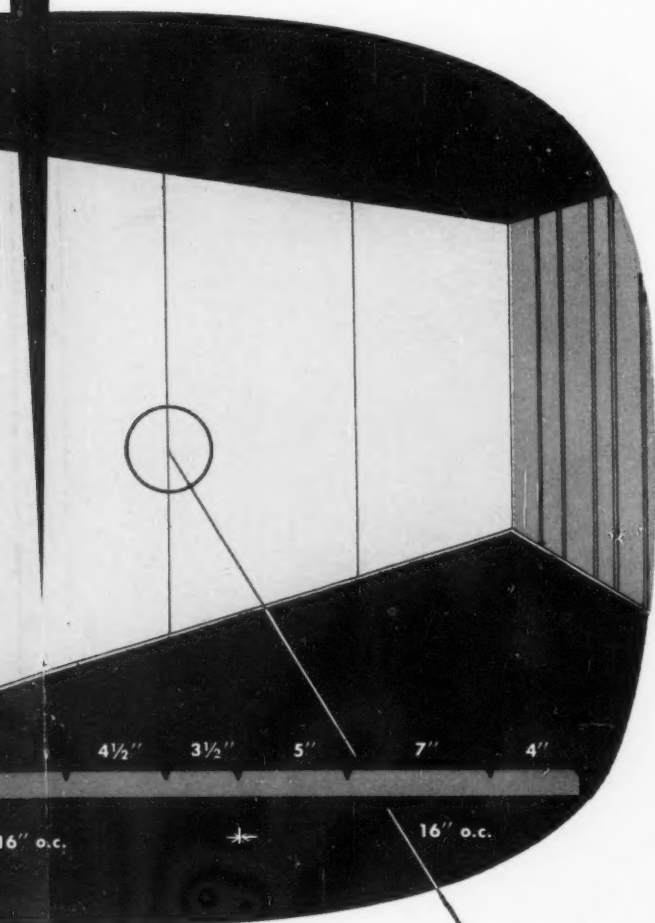


OUTSIDE CORNER

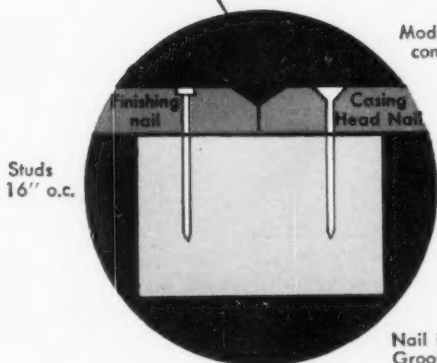


# E CHERRY

## Application Instructions



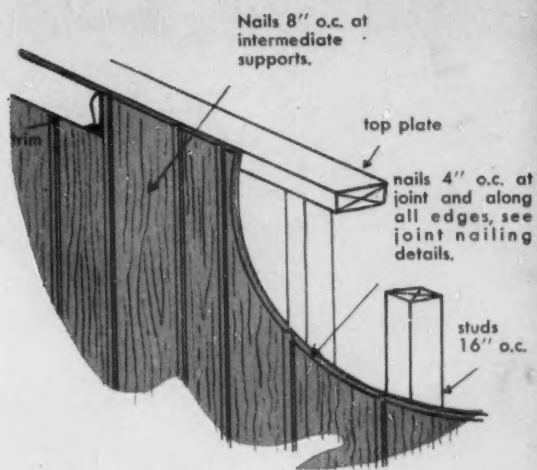
OUTSIDE CORNER



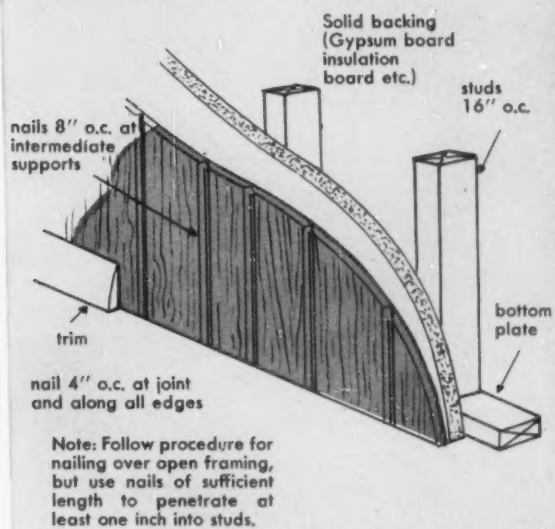
VERTICAL JOINT

Nail in the Grooves (except at joint) using 1 1/4" finishing nails or casing head nails.

### NAILING OVER OPEN STUDS

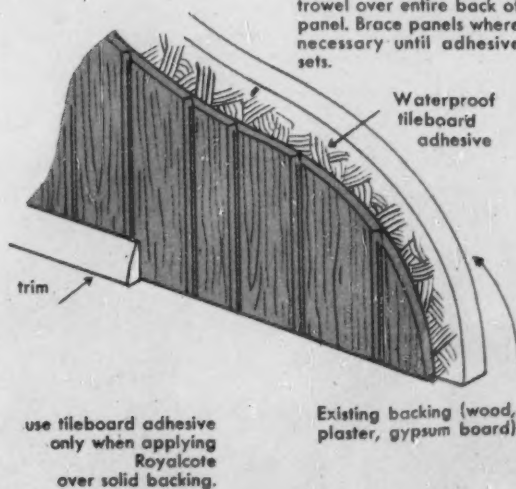


### NAILING OVER SOLID BACKING



### TILEBOARD ADHESIVE

NOTE: The existing backing should be firmly attached and dry. Spread adhesive using sawtoothed trowel over entire back of panel. Brace panels where necessary until adhesive sets.



## MASONITE PANEL PRODUCTS

*The wonder wood of 1,000 uses*

### Masonite panels are ALL-WOOD products



Masonite panels are made by exploding wood chips into a fibrous state, refining the fibers and compressing them into dense rigid panels in heated hydraulic presses. The fibers are permanently bonded with the natural lignin which was the original bonding agent in the tree.

### Masonite panels have many advantages over wood



Equal strength in all directions — No grain to rise and check or mar the surface or finished application — Great structural strength — Will not split, splinter or crack — Excellent wearing qualities — Permanent moisture resistance — Extremely hard surface!

### Masonite panels may be easily worked and finished



They can be easily worked with ordinary carpenter and wood working tools. They can be finished with lacquer, oil base paints, penetrating sealers, rubber base paints, stains, synthetics, textured paints, varnish and shellacs, water emulsion paints and wax, using a brush, roller, spray gun, knife or squeegee.

## THERE ARE OVER 30 TYPES AND THICKNESSES OF MASONITE PRODUCTS

**STANDARD PRESWOOD®** is a hardboard of medium density compared with other Preswood products, but is denser than most woods. It has excellent finishing qualities, suitable for many applications. Recommended for interior use such as walls, ceilings, cabinets, etc., but not where extreme or fluctuating humidity conditions or exceptional hard usage may be encountered.

**QUARTRBOARD** is similar to Standard Preswood with the primary exception of being less dense. It is generally used for surfaces where the strength and hardness of Standard Preswood are not necessary. It is, however, sufficiently dense and strong for most wall and ceiling applications.

**UNDERLAYMENT** is intended for use over wood floors or wood sub-floors in order to provide a smooth surface for asphalt, rubber or cork tile, linoleum, carpeting or other flooring material. Similar to 1/4" Quatrboard but planed on the screen side in order to obtain a more uniform caliper.

**TEMPERED PRESWOOD** is Standard Preswood impregnated with a special tempering compound polymerized by baking. This treatment improves all physical properties. It is a versatile hardboard with exceptional durability, strength, rigidity suitable for interior and exterior uses where resistance to moisture and wear is required. Excellent finishing and machining qualities.

**RIDGE-GROOVE** is an exterior siding material, with an attractive textured face. Ridgegroove has a 3/8" wide groove scored vertically into the face at 4" centers. Equally suitable for interior applications.

**PANEL-GROOVE** is a Tempered Preswood product designed for use as exterior siding and interior wall paneling. Panelgroove is 1/4" in thickness. Grooves are 3/8" wide, 4" on center.

**RIDGELINE** is another Tempered Preswood product ideally suited for interior wall panelling as well as exterior siding application. This 1/4" thick panel has a distinctively different striated surface.

**SHADOWVENT® SIDING** is a tempered product manufactured for use as lap siding. Advantages of Tempered Preswood for exterior use are incorporated in this product. Minimum waste, durability, and hard grainless surface that is factory-primed and will hold a lasting finish, are but a few of its advantages.

**PEG-BOARD®** available in 1/8" or 1/4" in both Tempered and Standard Preswood. Turns waste space into working space. Engineered for use on walls, displays, cupboard doors. Takes a smooth paint finish.

**MAHOGANY WOODGRAIN** a 1/4" Preswood product — factory finished in a bleached mahogany grain and available scored or plain. Ideal for that remodelling project — providing a durable and pleasing finish, with no up-keep required.

**OAK WOODGRAIN.** Also a 1/4" Preswood Panel — finished in a Lined Oak grain. Both these panels have a factory applied lacquer requiring no further finishing.

For further information, see your building materials dealer.



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# Macleans Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



## How an immigrant girl fell in love with Canada

Continued from page 27

whether all that has been written about the advanced comforts of North America

blue neon sign and I thanked her. "You're welcome," she said.

ome? I looked at my clothing and ed whether it was by this that she all I had just arrived. In any case, ht, it was nice of her to welcome

street was crowded with rushing It was around nine o'clock in the Carefully made-up girls in at cottons passed me, with every lace, as if they had had an early session at the hairdresser's and on their Sunday best for the rare ve occasion of walking on Bay

isy businessmen getting in and ge cars, occasionally in the com- well-fed briefcase, were a poor o the immaculate females. They py suits that gave the impression been constantly washed and in big washing machines. Their wever, made up for the shape- the suits. With their hard, un- well-starchedness, they gave me e that if their owners were to enly out of them, they would ue to walk along with a proud,

d the blue sign saying "Drug- looked bewildered at the rub- ts, birthday cards and nylon the window.

ldn't be it, I thought, looking wich-serving waitresses behind ut after the shock of the first iscovered a display of revital- ines among the cameras and ng papers and the colorful s. I recovered my hope that ven sell drugs in a drugstore. nsumed two aspirins that sur- ough were just like the aspi- e. I boarded a streetcar and rriver the dirty slip of paper ned the address of the only w in Canada. She was a mid- who had emigrated a few

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APRIL 23, 1960



years ago and who, I hoped, would help me find some suitable accommodation.

To my great disappointment the streetcar soon left the lovely skyscrapers. The houses were getting smaller and smaller and the streets more disorganized. On the corner of one I saw used refrigerators and second-hand rubber boats displayed on the sidewalk. I was already cursing the good lady for moving to the end of the world. I would never do such a silly thing, I decided; I am going to take a room in one of those nice skyscrapers and stay close to civilization.

But my only Canadian acquaintance did not approve of this plan.

"People don't live downtown," she pointed out, "they just work there."

This seemed highly impractical. Why shouldn't people live close to their working place, I wondered? My father, a physician, used to work next door to his living room and seemed to be very satisfied with this arrangement. But perhaps I was insensible, perhaps it made more sense to have physicians' streets and lawyers' streets and department-store streets and live in the neighboring village, where there are no stores and no doctors and no sidewalks and you have to drive an hour to get the package of cigarettes you have forgotten to pick up with your chicken and carrots.

Anyway, I gave up the idea of sharing a flat with the Imperial Bank, and to reward me the good lady gave me two strange sandwiches. One of them consisted of a slice of tomato between two lettuce leaves and the other was salty peanut butter covered by sweet marmalade, both embraced by something white that reminded me of absorbent cotton, but was supposed to be bread. But it did not taste like bread, and certainly did not look like bread, not even in its original form — weightless, tasteless stuff robed in white paper with little blonde girls smiling all over it.

After this exotic meal I was offered one of those half-ton newspapers that could be only read lying on the floor and even then required the patience of an ox from any reader wanting to follow any of the articles, cut to bits and pieces and scattered all over the fifty pages. All I wanted was to find a furnished room.

There were plenty of ads offering suitable accommodation, most of them in the Huron-Madison rooming-house district. I decided to take a trip there right away.

There are many such rooming house districts in Toronto, and in other Canadian cities for that matter. I doubt that most native-born Canadians really understand that in each big town there are little islands existing within a greater ocean of people. (In Toronto, for instance, there is an Italian island with 120,000 inhabitants; it is as foreign to me, a Czechoslovakian, as Rome or Milan.) The inhabitants of these island-communities live in closed circles cultivating their own languages, dishes, customs, even stores. Some of the bigger islands pride themselves on having their own movies and restaurants. Most of the islanders leave in the mornings to fish for their daily bread but otherwise their contact with the ocean is negligible.

The Huron-Madison island consisted of a few perfectly alike streets with perfectly alike houses, giving in this way the same impression as most of the other parts of Toronto. The only difference was that everybody, from the occasional passer-by to the landlords and landladies doing their nightly porch-sitting, conversed in foreign languages.

Here, in houses once inhabited each by only one English-speaking family, bedrooms were transformed into kitchens, living rooms into bedrooms, and the

single bathroom served as a shrine in front of which numerous believers lined up every hour of every day.

I met various landladies of various sizes and nationalities, who looked me up and down as if I was a prospective professional. It turned out, however, that this was not the idea at all, because the obligatory sentence "and no male visitors at any hour" never failed to emerge, followed by all kinds of other rules and questions—"no cooking, no smoking, no bathing, no staying in the room during the day," "Are you a Roman Catholic, Do you like cats, Do you ever use the toilet at night?"

Finally I managed to find an oblong cell with a wall-paper design that I would have called "Dance of the dying bed bugs"; but the bed looked clean and comfortable and Mrs. Landlady did not object to my using it every night. She even promised clean sheets once a week.

There were eight or nine other cells in the house and one bathroom for all of us including Mrs. Landlady, a fortyish peroxide blonde with dangling earrings, who also worked as a waitress in a downtown tavern.

For a few days I walked around to get acquainted with the town and to put in some of the time that I was not allowed to spend in my room for ten dollars a week. "I hope you've got a job," my landlady had remarked when I handed her the first week's rent. "The girl before you used to lie around in her room all day. I told her to get out of here and find another room. This is no sanatorium." Sometimes I climbed on a strange streetcar and got out at the eleventh or twelfth stop to discover to my greatest horror that it was the same street where I had started my journey—or at least looked like it. For weeks I had the feeling that I would never be able to tell the streets apart; one was so much like the next.

Another nightmare was the language. Thanks to the work of a childhood governess, I was convinced that I knew enough English to make myself understood. This misconception was fortified during a short visit in England. Every bus driver in London seemed to understand what I wanted. But the little girl behind the counter in one of the Honey Dews looked at me with blank eyes when I asked for a glass of milk.

"I would like to have a glass of milk," I repeated patiently.

"Beg your pardon?"

"A glass of milk."

"I'm sorry, I don't understand."

I was just going to give up when I spotted a big white bottle behind her back.

"A glass of milk," I said pointing to it, "this, there."

"Oh, milk," she said surprised, "of course."

She said it in a slightly different way, I will admit.

The following week I found a job, and then a second job. The first one did not last long. After I had ruined the same letter for the eighteenth time my boss took the liberty of doubting the thorough typing experience I claimed to have on my friend's advice. ("No matter what they ask you, you say you're experienced," she had instructed me, but it did not work.)

I tried to sell my nonexistent competence to various laundries, hairdressers, restaurants and supermarkets without much success before I found a kind-hearted woman in a small office who was finally willing to buy it.

Now I was equipped with all the necessary features of an immigrant: a horrid room, an unpleasant landlady, noisy,

## CANADIANECDOTE



### How the fur traders settled the Lord's Day controversy

Canada's first Lord's Day controversy occurred in the Northwest Territories more than a century ago. The protagonists were a missionary, Indian canoe brigades and the Hudson's Bay Company.

Each summer, canoe brigades paddled furs from the interior to the mouth of the Saskatchewan River while others were paddling goods from the "outside" to meet them. An exchange was made and the canoeists hurried off in opposite directions with their new cargoes. Haste was a necessity for the summer was brief and open water precious. Indian and white man alike paddled all day Sunday—until the 1840's when the Rev. James Evans established a Methodist mission at the north end of Lake Winnipeg.

Evans won many Indians to Christianity and the observance of the Lord's Day as a day of rest. The converted Indians' refusal to work on Sunday alarmed the company. One seventh of the summer travel period was wasted.

Evans suggested that a racing test would prove the brigades that rested on the Sabbath could do more work in six days than those brigades that worked on the Sab-

bath. He was right: "In every case," writes a chronicler of the time, "the Sabbath-observing group reached the end of the journey first."

By the first Saturday night of a typical race the pro-Sabbath group usually managed to pull ahead slightly. On Sunday, while they rested, the other brigades passed. About Wednesday the race was neck and neck again and by Saturday night the pro-Sabbath group would be slightly ahead once more. On Sunday again, as the others passed, one of the Sabbathites noted: "They are now so tired they can hardly get up a cheer as they pass us and push on. We knew we could soon overtake them."

The pro-Sabbath group "generally arrived home about a week or ten days before the other brigades returned. When they did come back, they generally had some of their men about used up and all of them were very tired, while we who kept the Sabbath were soon ready to start off for York Factory to meet the ship."

Such evidence and the advent of a new Hudson's Bay governor brought Sunday as a day of rest to the fur country. — JERRY NOONAN

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

inquisitive neighbors and a job I knew nothing about. I was set to start melting, if not into the Canadian, at least into the New Canadian world.

The world of immigrants is more complex than any outsider would suspect. There are the old immigrants and the new immigrants, the political immigrants and the economic immigrants, the Western immigrants and the Iron Curtain immigrants, and they all snub one another.

For, like a regular society, the immigrant world, too, has its upper class and

middle class and proletariat. On the very top is the aristocracy of the English who differ from all the others, not because they would refrain from criticizing everything and finding it lacking, but because they are criticizing their own dominion. The lowest parts are reserved for those who came from the communist-occupied countries and consequently are not allowed the luxury of bursting out once in a while: "One of these days I am going to leave it all and go home."

That was where I found myself; trotting in the cold morning to a job that I

loathed and trotting back at night to a cabbage-smelling room that I loathed even more. The truth is that I would have loved to burst out many times if I could have afforded it. I could not. There were no reserves to fall back on; no country to return to. This was the only place that wanted me. And so I did learn to like and appreciate it and to accept the fact that Canada was made for the Canadians whose size it fits perfectly. If it did not fit mine all I could do was to change my own measurements.

I began to pick up new expressions

and new habits, new tastes and new interests. The first job was followed by a second and a third; all with the same company and each one a little better than the previous. My growing bank account enabled me to get a better room with better smells, and then a flat, and eventually even a bathroom which I could use as often and for as long as I pleased.

By the time I had reached the top steps on the office ladder and could retire to a self-contained apartment, I had forgotten most of my grudges and everything that once seemed odd and incredible became a natural part of my life. Today I wouldn't want to trade my shoes for any other pair. I find they fit me very well. I have learned to walk in them.

This, however, is not something that you can force or hasten. In due time it happens to almost every immigrant. Slowly, gradually the Gullivers assimilate. They grow fringed Indian jackets over the Italian shirts and bolo ties below the Russian hats. They still keep to certain districts; they group on the street; they sip espresso, chew sunflower seeds, prefer goulash and tortas to milk-fed baby beef and Jell-O; and discuss their problems with their own people in their own language. But the problems are different problems and they themselves have become different people. They sleep on air-foam mattresses, they drive automatic cars, they like air-conditioned restaurants, they pay with cheques (that sometimes bounce), they buy on easy terms, they go for a drive instead of a walk on Sunday afternoons, treat their children to hamburgers and Popsicles, allow their slim-jim-clad daughters to stay out late with side-burned rock-and-roll kings, they don't own half of the things they use, and they save money for a home instead of a return ticket.

They still call themselves Czechs or Poles, but the name doesn't quite fit anymore. They may say "I am a Czech" or "I am a Pole"; but they no longer think like a Czech, no longer speak like a Pole. They have acquired new expressions, a new way of thinking, new eyes to see with and new purposes to strive for.

Every week, thirteen hundred immigrants across Canada become citizens. They have a short chat with a pleasant judge; quote provinces, capitals, and a few dates; they take the oath; sing the National Anthem; obtain a Bible and a fancy document. But these formalities do not make them into Canadians; this is not the big moment.

The moment comes later, or earlier, with less fuss and more unexpectedly. It comes after Canada has beaten the country of their origin in hockey and they jump three times around the table, yelling, "We won! We won!" It comes during a discussion of politics when suddenly they hear their own emotional voice explaining, "Our foreign affairs . . ." or "Our prime minister . . ." It comes writing a letter, "We Canadians have long winters . . ." It comes on a trip behind the border, "Back home in Canada . . ." It comes suddenly and unintentionally, a message from the subconscious; the process has been completed.

It comes—as it came to me—on a Toronto-bound plane, after a vacation in Mexico, watching the toy bricks grow into rows of uniformed houses and porches, and big stone mansions, and apartment buildings, and shacks; and the little ants grow into cars and people; and knowing for the first time where you are going and why you are going there, and that it may be good or bad, esthetic or ugly—it is the present and it is the future: it is home. ★



## why must we go?

Because . . . suddenly a little boy is fatherless and there is no longer enough money coming in. Now the only home he has ever known must be sold.

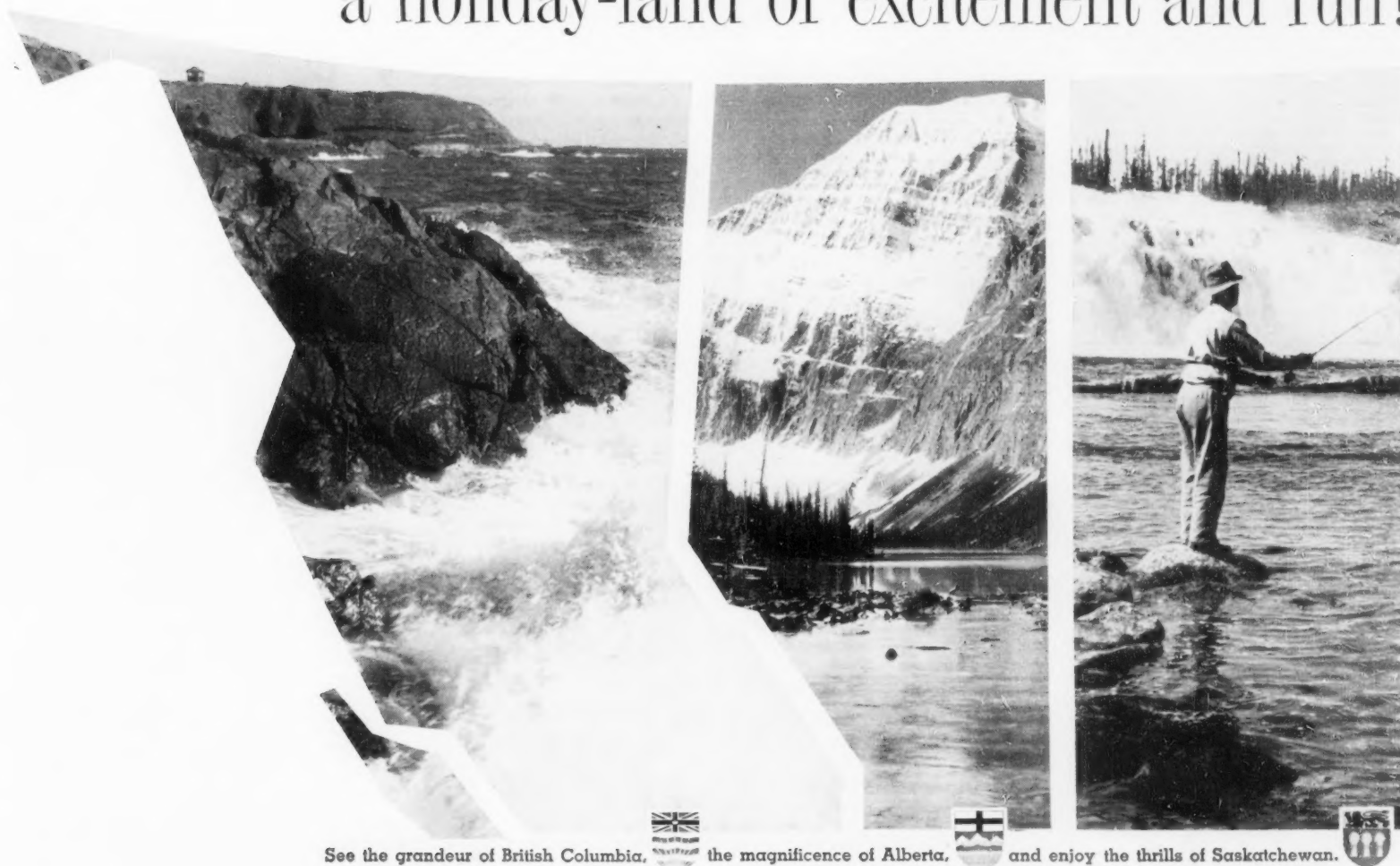
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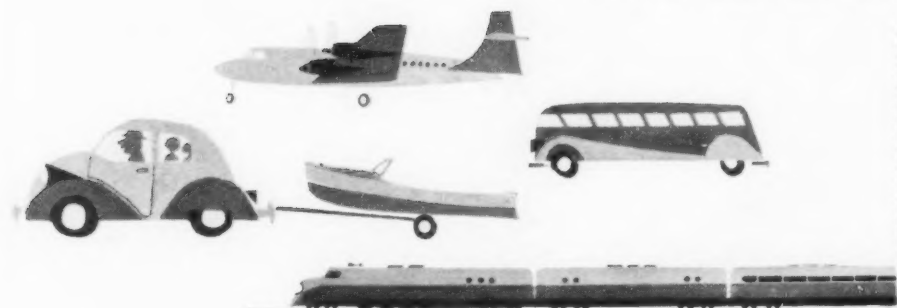
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**"EXPORT"**  
PLAIN OR FILTER TIP  
CIGARETTES

**How I switched from Shakespeare to six-guns** continued from page 21

**"Unexpectedly, my horse Dunnie took off. I hung on, really frightened"**

But now I shoot guns, ride horses and wear an outsize hat every week in a western called *Bonanza*, and it looks like we have a winner. *Bonanza* is carried in color on the NBC television network every Saturday night from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m., EST — prime viewing time. About twenty million people watch the show, which began last September 12 and soon afterwards was acclaimed in the Hollywood Reporter by columnist Hank Grant. "I will know the western era has come to an end," wrote Grant, "if *Bonanza* is not renewed." Long before our thirteen-week option had expired, *Bonanza* was renewed for another thirteen, and it continued making mincemeat of the ratings of the Dick Clark Show, a teenage rock-and-roll rival on ABC, and cutting into the audience of the well-established Perry Mason series, its opposite on CBS.

This talk of westerns and ratings may bring hollow laughter from people who know I left Canada in 1953 because I could find nothing very satisfying about delivering commercial pitches on camera. I felt that the whole atmosphere of TV in Canada was listless, and I voiced the conviction then that it would be years before CBC television would become a strong factor in the entertainment business.

Since *Bonanza* started, a lot of my friends have wondered whatever became of Lorne Greene, Serious Actor. They've asked me how I can be serious about the role of Ben Cartwright, the principal character of *Bonanza*—a forty-nine-year-old rancher whose exploits, and those of his three grown sons, Adam, Hoss and Little Joe, make up the weekly scripts of our one-hour show. Some of them even want to know if it really is me firing a gun or galloping into the sunset on Dunnie, my magnificent eight-year-old buckskin horse, which is the color of gold and has a black mane and a black tail.

Well, in most cases, it is. Occasionally, in a fight scene a double fills in, or in a long shot of some trick riding, a stunt man does the job. But most of the time I do ride my horse, and I do rip my own gun out of my own holster. So far, I haven't fallen off my horse, nor have I been slugged on the chin by a roundhouse right, though the way it looks on film I've been knocked down often enough.

Those screen fights are as carefully staged as the wrestling matches at Maple Leaf Gardens. It sometimes takes three or four hours to give the illusion of reality to a three-minute bar-room brawl. The worst thing that's happened to me was in a fight in which I had a guy lined up against the wall of a saloon. I swung my right in a wide arc, which gives the camera its most effective angle, and the guy ducked when the script said he'd parry. My fist went over his head into the wall and my knuckles were scraped and sore for a week.

As for the Serious Actor angle, I am serious. That sick-bed dialogue I recited earlier is really most unusual on *Bonanza*, and I honestly feel that Ben Cartwright is as well-rounded a part as any I've played.

The physical requirements of a western are the most demanding I've ever undertaken. I get up at 5.30 every morning and we shoot six days a week. We're rarely off the set before six in the eve-

ning, and most of the days are spent strenuously. For example, how many horses have you climbed off and on lately? It isn't easy. Had it not been for my two years of dancing lessons at the Martha Graham school in New York (I did it to facilitate stage movement) I don't think I could have handled this role. My stomach muscles would never have taken the strain of hauling my two hundred pounds into a saddle a dozen times a day, day after day. When you're past forty you've given up notions of catching a place on the Olympic Games team.

I'll never forget the first time I saw my horse, Dunnie. A couple of days before we were to start shooting the pilot film of *Bonanza* last April I drove forty-five miles north from Los Angeles to Fat Jones' Stable in the San Fernando Valley where our film company had maybe a dozen horses in a corral. They'd been picked for their coloring, since *Bonanza* was to be filmed in color. The horse I'd been assigned was a beautiful animal, as I've said. He was sired by a noted quarterhorse, Danny Waggoner, and he had been broken to cut cattle. Accordingly, he can turn at a ninety-degree angle at a full gallop.

A wrangler led me to Dunnie and showed me how to mount. I stood at the horse's left side and climbed into the saddle by placing my left foot into the left stirrup. I mounted and dismounted for a good half hour and then, unexpectedly, Dunnie just took off. I hung on, really frightened, bouncing like a sack of wheat. Luckily, we were in the corral; the wranglers were able to flag down my horse before he could toss me out of the script.

The wrangler grinned as he eased me to the ground.

"You musta dropped the end of the rein where ol' Dunnie could see it," he drawled. "I forgot to tell you, a fella was ridin' him in a picture last week and he was a little rough on ol' Dunnie with that rein. Dunnie don't like it none, seems like."

I rode Dunnie for a couple of hours a day for three or four days, walking him, jogging him, then galloping him. One day, holding him steadily by the reins, I showed him the end of the rein that had frightened him, talking quietly all the while. He reared a little, but I held him firmly, tried to keep talking soothingly, and then he settled right down. Now we get along fine.

Learning a fast draw with a gun is like learning to shuffle cards: facility comes only with practise. Accurate shooting obviously is not a factor, so a TV cowboy needs only to master the trick of *looking* fast. In a recent *Bonanza*, for example, Ben Cartwright was wounded and had his left arm in a sling. But he had to face a gunslinger in a showdown and, playing Cartwright, I leaned against a post in front of a saloon. The gunslinger stood in the middle of the street, his legs apart and his arms slightly bent in the classic pose of a man ready to draw. The camera made this scene from immediately behind me, its lens shooting right across my right hip. My only problem was to make sure the gun didn't stick in the holster as I drew. When the director called "Roll 'em" I slapped my hand against my gun and drew. It came out cleanly. Then quickly the camera zoomed to a closeup of the gunslinger falling, and the sound

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By Simpkins



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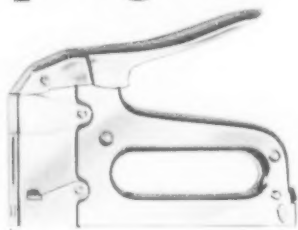
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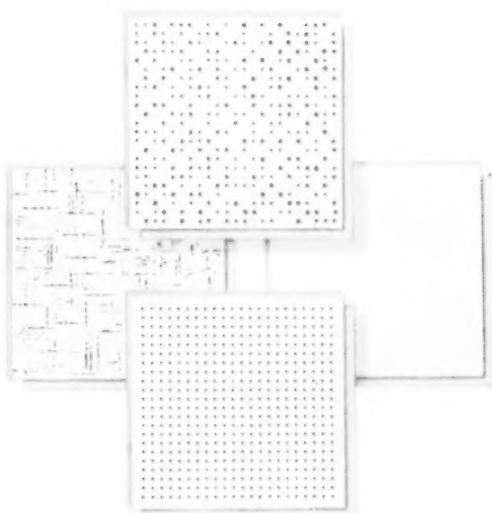
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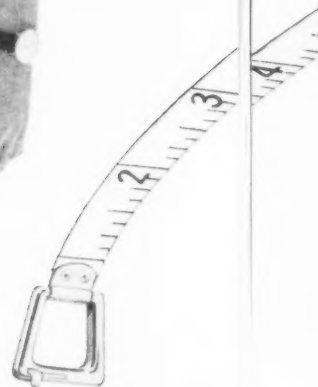
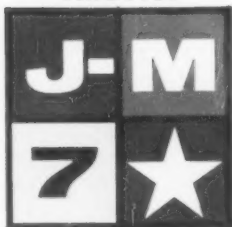
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of my gun firing was dubbed into the sequence. You'll notice in most westerns that street duels are handled from this angle.

Similarly, the camera angle of a man belting another man on the chin, with the sound dubbed in of his fist connecting, gives the impression of a solid blow. Actually, with the camera shooting from behind, you can miss a man's chin by a foot and still appear to have landed one on the button.

As I got into the character of Ben Cartwright I found that doing a believable western script is as gratifying as doing any other believable script. Of course, there are westerns and westerns, just as there are plays and plays. Our stories are not stereotyped horse operas — good guys on white horses and bad guys on black ones. Our writers try to establish people and their motivations rather than emphasize plot. A glance is often more telling than any dialogue, and in most of our shows Cartwright doesn't necessarily have to be a rancher. He could be a boss in industry confronted by the same problems that concern our ranch owner.

Still, my friends wonder how a Shakespearean actor can stomach the swallowed "g's" and double negatives of the western scripts which, though infrequent in our show, do come up now and then. I think the answer lies in the actor's conception of the character he is trying to depict. In Shakespeare, the rhythm of the language and the scope of the roles demand that the vowels be full and rounded, the consonants sharp and clipped, and all the syllables given their rightful recognition.

In western dialogue, the words are contracted and the language is sparser, right down to Gary Cooper's renowned "yup." Where an actor in Shakespeare would find it normal to say, "Where goest thou?" he finds it equally natural to say, in a western, "Where yuh goin'?" Similarly, "Whence comest thou?" becomes "Where yuh bin?" without loss of dignity. That's the way people spoke in the west a hundred years ago.

The character you play becomes a part of you if you play it any length of time. I read in the newspapers recently a quote that I can appreciate fully, from James Arness, who plays Matt Dillon in the Gunsmoke series. Arness, discussing his home life, observed, "I guess Matt Dillon is a hard man to live with." The truth is that you *do* find yourself identifying constantly with your character. Arness has been Dillon for some five years. Even after less than a year as Cartwright I feel this affinity, and so do my three "sons," Pernell Roberts, who plays Adam; Dan Blocker, who is Hoss; and Michael Landon, who is Little Joe.

When we find script sequences we believe to be out of character with the men we're playing, we discuss them among ourselves to confirm our impressions and then go to our producer, David Dortort, or one of our directors. Usually these conferences bring rewrites. Once, a director and I rewrote a whole scene to eliminate an illogical concept of Ben's character.

Ben Cartwright began the series as a strong-willed Bible-quoting man of high moral principle who had married three times. Each of his wives had given him a son, which explains why my three boys have divergent personalities and dissimilar physical characteristics. Each wife had died tragically, one in child-birth, one in an Indian raid, and one rather mysteriously. Ben was supposed to love his three sons, but in the early scripts it seemed to me that he was too arch, too severe and too humorless.

I mentioned this to Dortort, protesting that a man with no sense of humor would not likely be attractive to even one woman, much less the *three* who'd married him. Dortort grinned and agreed. Subsequent scripts have humanized Ben.

These things obviously happened *after* I became a cowboy. Two words cover how I became one—luck and experience. With scores of Hollywood performers available for every TV or movie role, an actor needs luck even to get a chance at a part and, after that, he needs the experience to handle it. I've wanted to be an actor for twenty years; I didn't start until six years ago. And the turning point in my development is related directly to a stop watch, of all things.

This was in 1953. I was doing well enough in Toronto delivering radio newscasts, reading commentary in television documentaries, doing commercials and playing occasional roles in TV dramas. More rewarding personally, though not financially, than any of these ventures was my school—the Academy of Radio Arts—at which talented persons in the technical, writing, production and performing aspects of entertainment served as instructors for young people hoping to make a place in the industry. The watch I developed was to facilitate timing, which is so essential a part of TV and radio. My stop watch differed from conventional ones by being numbered from 60 to 1, reading clockwise, and I could set it. This eliminated the necessity of subtraction. On an ordinary stop watch, if you know that your show goes off the air at 7:59:20, and if the time right now is 7:47:05, you have one hell of a problem in mental arithmetic before you figure out that you've got 12 minutes and 15 seconds of time remaining on your program.

The stop watch I developed and had made for me in Switzerland solved this subtraction problem. With my watch reading backwards, so to speak, the minute hand and the second hand always showed exactly the amount of time *remaining*, rather than the amount gone by. Mental computation during the stress of a program was eliminated. There were a few other innovations on my watch but essentially this was it, and in the spring of 1953, upon learning that some New York television people were interested

in it, I flew down to demonstrate it.

Just before noon I was walking into the NBC building in Rockefeller Plaza and ran into Fletcher Markle, the Canadian producer who had been one of the instructors at my academy and who then was producing the top-rated CBS program, Studio One. He invited me to lunch, we talked shop and reminisced, and I flew home in the afternoon. Two days later I got a call from Markle. He asked me if I'd come to New York to do a Studio One lead for him.

I was flattered because it had long since become apparent to me that I was really only getting my feet wet in CBC drama. A role here, a role there, yes. But nothing remotely as exciting as a lead on Studio One.

The play was a sentimental love story called Arietta in which I was cast opposite the Metropolitan Opera soprano, Jarmila Novotna, who had just begun to make her transition from the lyric stage to the dramatic stage. I played an ailing, heart-troubled symphony orchestra conductor. I made some impression, it appeared, for soon afterwards Paul Nickell, who was directing a TV adaptation of George Orwell's 1984, asked for me for the part of Big Brother.

Then I got a special-delivery letter from Columbia Pictures in Hollywood asking if I was interested in movies. The letter troubled me. I couldn't figure out if it was legitimate, or merely a form letter that went to every new face. I figured I'd better ask an agent, and the only agency I'd heard of in New York at that time was Leibling and Wood. I knew they handled Tennessee Williams, for example, and Carson McCullers and Shirley Booth. It was audacious of me, in that company, but I looked up the number and asked for Mr. Leibling. I explained why I was calling and he asked me to read the letter from Columbia. Before I'd finished reading he interrupted.

"That's signed by Max Arnow, isn't it?" It was, and he was identified as head of casting.

"Yes," I said.

"It's legit," said Leibling shortly. "Who's handling you?"

"I don't have an agent."

"I'll look after you," said Leibling, to my vast surprise.

The next day I went out peddling my



stop watches. Just before plane time I went over to the Studio One offices to say good-by to the people who had been extremely kind to me, and I was told that a Miriam Howell had been trying to locate me. I was told she was a literary agent who did some theatrical work. So I called her. She asked immediately if I would be interested in appearing in a Broadway show.

"Well, yes, I suppose I am," I said. "Who's producing?"

"Leland Hayward." He'd merely produced Mr. Roberts and South Pacific.

"Who wrote it?"

"Lindsay and Crouse." They'd written *State of the Union* and *Life With Father*, is all.

"Who's the star?"

"Katharine Cornell." *Katharine Cornell!*

"What's for me?" By now I was a little breathless.

"Well actually, Mr. Greene, it's the male lead."

Miss Howell told me to be at the Alvin Theatre the next day at noon to read. I called my agent, Leibling, whom I shortly

was calling Bill, and he said he'd be there.

I read for the part the next day, working on the bare stage under a single dangling work light. Lindsay and Crouse and Miss Cornell and Hayward sat in seats in the orchestra. When I was finished I joined them and then Hayward asked Leibling, "Bill, be in my office at three o'clock?"

Out in the sunshine I asked Leibling what that was all about.

"It means you've got the part," Bill said. "Since you're an unknown here they'll offer three hundred a week. I'll

ask for seven-fifty and we'll settle for five hundred."

And that's exactly what happened at three o'clock.

The play, *The Prescott Proposals*, opened in mid-November and ran 160 performances.

That, and my TV appearances, led from one thing to another. In the next couple of years I played Oliver Cromwell, Sir Walter Raleigh and Beethoven, among scores of television roles. I played in the first English production ever presented on stage by Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde in Montreal, the part of Doc in *Come Back Little Sheba*. As I said, I was Brutus in *Julius Caesar* at Stratford and I played the Prince of Morocco in the Merchant of Venice that summer of 1955 at Stratford, too.

In Hollywood I was Peter the Apostle in *The Silver Chalice*, which turned out to be a very expensive turkey, and I was the district attorney in *Peyton Place*, which wasn't Art but made a ton of money. On four days' notice I appeared in an NBC Show-of-the-Month spectacular with Rod Steiger and Eva Marie Saint. It was an adaptation of Robert Sherwood's *Yellow Jack*, and I played Dr. Walter Reed—a role intended for Broderick Crawford, who developed a bad throat and had to drop out.

Then I went to England and filmed a half-hour TV series called *Sailor of Fortune*, playing a former intelligence officer in the U.S. Marines. Then back to the States, another play, more TV films and another spectacular, *Mayerling*, with Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn. In five years I must have played at least a hundred roles.

But I was still a long way from being a box-office "name." I decided the surest way to build a name for myself would be to land a top role in a TV series. And that's where luck played its part.

One evening, when I was visiting some friends in Hollywood, I was introduced to a man whose name I didn't catch. He remarked that he'd seen—and liked—my work on TV. "Say," he said on a sudden inspiration, "are you interested in a television series?"

I said I was "if it's a starring role, a good part and worth money."

After he left, I asked somebody who he was, and was told, "Jerry Stanley—he does something or other at NBC."

About three weeks later I got a call from NBC and I drove over to Burbank. There was Stanley. He turned out to be boss of NBC's west-coast film division. He had discussed me with Fred Hamilton, an NBC vice-president, and David Dortort, who had produced the *Restless Gun* series.

They told me that they wanted a new series, a one-hour weekly western. They wanted it to have a strong father-and-son relationship because they were concerned that American soldiers' defections in Korea had been traced by some psychologists to Momism, the strong identity of U.S. kids with their mothers. Also, they were sick of American movies and television in which fathers were depicted as bumbling dolts.

After they'd explained all of this to me, Dortort said casually: "We're calling the series *Bonanza*, and plan shooting the pilot film in April. We need a father type who relates strongly to three grown sons. We've looked up some of the rough cuts of your work. We've decided you're the man."

And that—plus a holster halfway down my thigh, boots with two-inch heels that are as comfortable as any shoes I've ever worn, and my horse of a different color—that is how I became a cowboy. ★

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"There was no doubt the proprietor had stabbed the man to death — but was it premeditated murder?"

explanation. He told the officers that he had been in a good mood when the old woman answered the door. But within minutes, he said, he was inside the home, bitterly engaged in an argument about religion.

"I got real mad at something she said and then I let her have it." One explanation for this murderous deed may have been that the boy had been raised by foster parents, who were elderly people like the victim. He had been having fierce arguments with them. The last one had occurred only a few days previously and ended with the youth running away from home, hurt and angry. Somehow, the heated exchange with the old lady had suddenly released all his pent-up hostility and he struck out at her blindly. This boy was found to be mentally incompetent and, in all likelihood, will spend the rest of his days in a security institution.

In many cases careful observation at the scene of the crime can profoundly influence the outcome of a trial. A few years ago, a watchman was found on the second floor of an office building on Sherbourne Street, bludgeoned to death. A man was arrested and charged with the murder. The accused did not deny his guilt, but stated that he had been stupefied by liquor and couldn't recall what had happened. He told the court that he had reached the second floor by climbing a perpendicular, ten-foot, fire-escape ladder. Investigating officers came to the trial, armed with a miniature replica of the building. It was apparent to the jury that the accused, if he had been as drunk as he claimed, could not have managed to scale the perpendicular ladder.

#### He killed — over a dime

Again, in a "Dime for a Cup of Coffee" murder, a detailed model of the murder locale became an important exhibit at the trial. This tragedy began when Joseph Major walked into a restaurant on College Street, owned by John Szentandrassy. The customer and the proprietor were acquainted and sat down together to have a cup of coffee. Later, an argument broke out between them. Enraged, the customer leaped from the table and started walking out of the restaurant. The proprietor ran after him, insisting that he pay a dime for the cup of coffee. He refused, however, and walked away.

A few weeks later the proprietor was at the door of his establishment when the same customer walked by. "How about paying for that coffee?" he shouted at him. In reply, the customer struck him and continued walking along College Street. Szentandrassy rushed into his restaurant, picked up a large carving knife, overtook the customer further along the street and stabbed him to death.

At the trial, the point arose as to whether the accused had premeditated the murder, or whether he had responded to a powerful impulse of hate and anger. The model displayed to the jury indicated that the restaurant proprietor had run a considerable distance between the time he was struck and the time he plunged his knife into his victim. He had to travel the full length of his restaurant to the kitchen (which was in the rear) to obtain the knife then cover the same dis-

tance coming out again. On the street, the murderer had passed several stores before reaching his victim. By following these movements on the scale model, the jury concluded that the accused had had sufficient time to "cool off" after he had

been struck by the customer. Sentenced to life imprisonment, the restaurant proprietor committed suicide in jail.

People interviewed in the course of a criminal investigation are sometimes puzzled at police insistence that they tell

everything they know, including what might appear to be unrelated details. The reason is that the police themselves are unable to tell which shred of information may be useful.

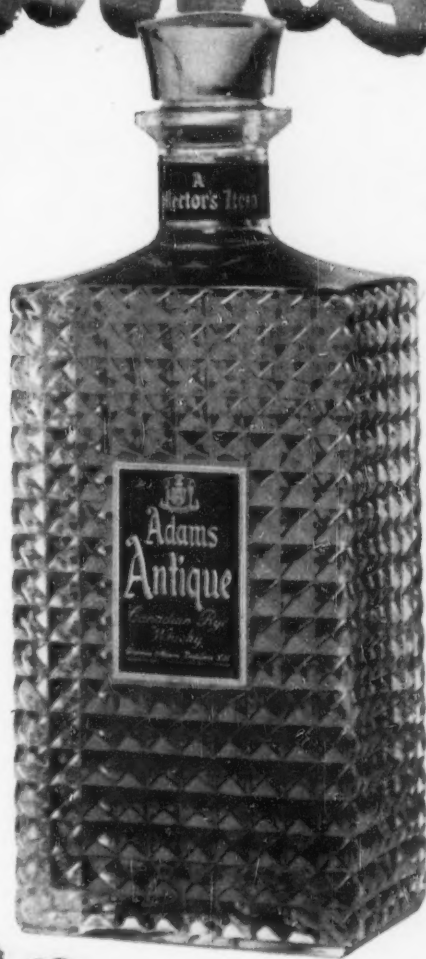
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## How tiny clues go into a crime lab and come out as major evidence



Analyst William Sutherland, of the attorney-general's crime lab, compares a bullet from a suspect's gun with one found in a body. Right: a suspect's coat was found covered with strands of wool (tagged) that were proved to be torn from his victim's sweater.



In another murder case, police found only a tiny scrap of foil (B) in a suspect's discarded coat. From it they got a partial fingerprint (A) and matched it with one (C) from their files.

Left: scraps of paper, scattered near a victim's body, were pieced together to provide three valuable clues: a sample of the killer's writing, his map of the area, and a club crest.

years ago, where a fourteen-year-old girl was found strangled to death in a field, near a lonely road by the waterfront. When police reached the scene at four in the morning, they immediately searched her clothing. In one of her pockets they found the name and address of a boy. The youth turned out to be her boy friend, but he was able to fully account for his movements following the victim's disappearance the night before. He was questioned for two hours. Among other things, he said the dead girl sometimes waved to a man driving a red truck.

Police officers were stationed on the road near the murder scene, in search of motorists and pedestrians who were in the habit of using this route. "Can you describe the people, the cars or the trucks you saw in this area last night?" they asked. Since the road was lightly traveled, one man was able to furnish a rough description of a red truck he had seen parked in the area the previous evening. Although there are thousands of such trucks in Metropolitan Toronto, the police felt compelled to locate and question the driver. Six detectives embarked on this task. Early in the morning—exactly forty-eight sleepless hours after the girl's body was found—officers were in a large parking lot in the northwest section of the city, searching through dozens of red trucks. This was the depot of a big cartage company that held a post-office contract to pick up mail from street boxes. The police were particularly interested in one of these trucks and its driver, whose collection route included the district where the young girl had lived. In the vehicle, detectives found several bobby pins and lipstick the color and brand customarily used by the dead girl. When the driver came to work, the officers were waiting for him. He blanched when the detectives identified themselves, then fell to the ground in a dead faint. Later, he paid for this crime with his own life.

Sometimes, thousands of man-hours must be spent on a criminal investigation to gather enough evidence to make an arrest. The Newell homicide is a case in point.

This tragedy first came to light on Sunday, October 6th, 1940. A water-works employee was inspecting filtration beds located in a lonely area of Centre Island, overgrown with weeds and shrubbery. Suddenly he spied the body of a young woman, lying on her right side. Police rushed to the scene. It was obvious to them—and later confirmed by the pathologist—that death had been caused by strangulation and that the body had lain there for about a week.

### Telltale fibres are found

Every inch of ground around the body was scrutinized and various articles of clothing were collected. Detectives fitted together dozens of small pieces of white paper found in the area and they made up a white envelope, bearing the insignia of the YMCA and RCAF. On it was a diagram of the section of the island where the body was found. On a bush, directly above the victim's head, were several blue fibres. In a nearby lagoon police fished up a woman's compact, lipstick and two-foot length of tarred rope.

The first task of detectives was to establish the identity of the victim. A search of our files showed that the body was that of Anne Marie Newell, who had last been seen alive a week earlier, on September 29, and whose disappearance had been reported by her roommate on October 2. Police records showed that, at that time, they had questioned the dead woman's estranged husband, William Newell, a twenty-six-year-old airman.

Now, with her body definitely identified, detectives questioned the husband much more thoroughly, and interviewed others who might help them reconstruct

the events leading to the woman's disappearance and death.

Newell, it was learned, was divorced from his first wife, separated from his second and now infatuated with a beautiful young girl. He was living with her in an apartment on Howland Avenue. His two marriages had produced children whom he did not support.

Newell was asked to tell about the last time he had seen his wife. He said he had arrived in Toronto from his air-force station on Sunday, September 29, and called at her home on Grange Avenue at 12.30 p.m. to take her to lunch. They dined at a restaurant near Bay and Dundas Streets, and he left her at 3.45 p.m. at Adelaide and Yonge Streets. "She told me she might get a lift later that afternoon to go and visit our son, who is living in Vineland, near Niagara Falls. That's the last I saw of her," he said.

Newell stated that he then went to the RCAF manning depot in the Canadian National Exhibition grounds, returned to the centre of the city for a snack in a restaurant, then visited his wife's place on Grange Avenue to see if she got her lift. "I waited for ten minutes and then went to the girl friend's apartment," he said.

The dead girl's roommate confirmed that Newell had called for her shortly after noon. When she left, Anne said, "I'll be back in about an hour." She was wearing black gloves at the time.

Detectives checked the restaurant where Newell said he had lunched, but could find no one who could recall seeing him there. But they did locate a witness, who said that at 2.30 p.m. she stopped her car at the corner of Bay and Fleet Streets to wait for the traffic light. (This is three blocks south of the point where Newell said he had left Anne.) She knew the dead girl—who had once worked for her—as well as her husband. They waved to her.

The constable on duty at the Toronto

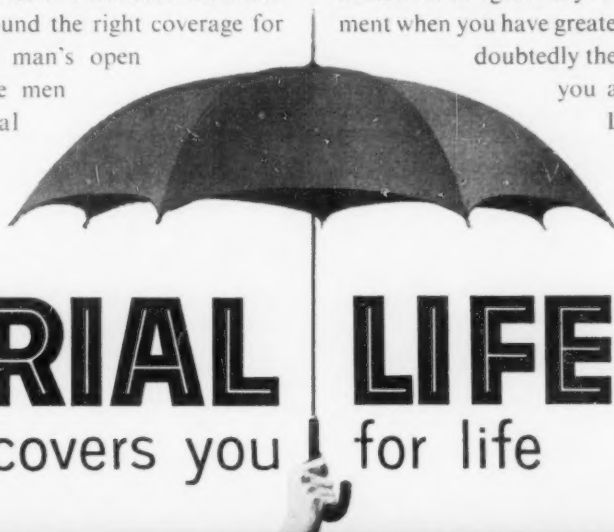


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ferry dock was interviewed and he recalled seeing a man in air-force uniform about 2.40 p.m., accompanied by a woman in a dark coat.

Police also located a man and his wife who had been in a canoe in the lagoon, near the murder scene, at 3.45 p.m. The woman said she noticed an airman on the bank, with a girl. "The man kept staring at me until I turned away," she said. (These witnesses later picked Newell out of a police line-up of several men of approximately the same build and complexion.)

Police could not trace Newell's movements during the rest of the afternoon or early evening. But they learned that he showed up at Anne's house on Grange Avenue at 8.45 p.m. "He was nervous and agitated," said Anne's roommate, "and he kept turning his head away, as if to hide a scratch on his face." When he was told that his wife wasn't there, Newell remarked that she had probably got a lift to Vineland. From Newell's girl friend, police learned that he had come to her Howland Avenue apartment at 9.30 p.m.

"He had a three-inch scratch on his face, and he told me he had got it in a fight with his wife," the girl friend said. "That night he didn't sleep. He just kept staring at the ceiling. Every once in a while he'd get up to put salve on his scratch and ask me if it was noticeable."

A search of the apartment revealed a number of important clues. There were several letters Newell had written to his pretty paramour. The envelopes and handwriting were identical with the envelope and handwriting found on the island. In the basement, hidden in the toe of a boot,

detectives found a pair of black gloves, which were identified as those worn by the victim at the time of her disappearance. They also found a coil of rope identical with the two-foot length which had been thrown into the lagoon.

Perhaps the most incriminating evidence came from the examination of the trousers of Newell's uniform, which was hanging in a closet. By means of a magnifying glass, officers were able to detect a tiny hole in the right leg. The missing threads were wool or transverse fibres—distinguishable because, unlike the warp, they were brilliantly colored. The threads gathered from the bush at the murder scene were identical with the wool fibres in Newell's trousers.

From Newell's letters to his girl friend, and through various witnesses, detectives were able to reconstruct the events which had led to Anne Newell's death. Newell had become infatuated with his girl friend and, in order to marry her, he had wanted to divorce his wife. His wife had refused. William Newell was found guilty of the murder of his wife and was hanged.

The Newell conviction confirmed something known by police officers for a long time—that a successful criminal investigation largely depends upon a thorough search for clues at the scene. A case that occurred a few years before the Centre Island tragedy underlines this point. One November day the body of a twenty-year-old stenographer was found in a Toronto ravine. Murder and rape were apparent. After exactly twenty-four hours of investigation, detectives arrested Harry O'Donnell, despite the absence of any witnesses. How were they able to do this?

#### All rapists are checked

As the first step, investigators made a list of all men living within a three-mile area of the ravine who had ever been convicted of rape. These men were checked out, one at a time. Interest soon focused on one, Harry O'Donnell, who worked and lived near the ravine and who, seven years earlier, had served a prison term for rape. O'Donnell gave what appeared to be a plausible alibi, accounting for his movements the night of the crime. He had visited his wife in hospital, taken in a movie, taken a drink at a hotel and then had gone to bed.

Although detectives were able to disprove portions of his alibi, they made other discoveries that were far more incriminating. From cracks in the accused's shoes and trouser cuffs, particles of leaves, burrs and soil were extracted, identical with those where the body was located. The water pipes leading from the wash basin in O'Donnell's bathroom were opened and there, in the trap, lay a large quantity of the ravine soil. A clothes brush found in his bedroom contained 298 hairs of blue angora wool—exactly similar in color and cellular structure to the sweater the victim had been wearing.

Finally, after scouring the murder area with rakes, officers dug up a heavy wrench, bearing the initials "O.D." This was identified as belonging to the suspect. O'Donnell confessed to his crime shortly before he was hanged.

Newspaper reports often refer to a murderer as "heartless," "ruthless," "cold-blooded" or "unfeeling." These descriptives apply to some killers, like Harry O'Donnell, but most murderers are relentlessly pursued by their conscience.

This was certainly true of a nineteen-year-old boy named Stephen, who is now serving a life sentence for killing a fifty-seven-year-old brokerage-firm messenger. The victim, Fred, was found beaten and shot near a highway outside Toronto.

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Stephen's accomplice in the crime was another teenager, Ian. The horror, fear and guilt occasioned by the crime were graphically portrayed in Stephen's confession.

Stephen and Ian had known Fred for a few months, after striking up an acquaintance in a pool hall. He sometimes gave them money. On the night of the crime, the two boys were desperate for money and decided to rob him. Under the pretense of demonstrating the driving qualities of Ian's new car, they drove their victim out into the country. Ian suddenly stopped, pretending his motor had stalled. He asked the victim to get out and look under the hood. Stephen's confession read, in part:

"Fred was looking at the motor and Ian went up to him saying, 'I want your money.' I was standing there with a gun in my hand. Fred turns around and says, 'You're not going to have it.' Just then the gun went off. It just went boom! It didn't feel like me. Fred falls down and Ian says, 'You shot him.' It didn't feel like I shot anybody. We lifted him in the trunk and drove away. I crossed myself and prayed and asked God what I'd do. Ian kept driving fast, saying nothing for a long time. Then he says, 'We'd better find some place to hide the body, because if they can't find the body, they can't prove anything.' A police car passed, but they didn't notice us. Ian said that he didn't feel sorry for the old bastard and that we were doing the world a favor by getting rid of him."

The next part of the confession described an even more macabre scene.

Fred evidently regained consciousness, for his screams could be heard coming from the trunk. To drown out the noise, the car radio was turned up high. The confession continued:

"We pulled off at the side of a lonely road. Ian gave me the gun and said, 'You lift up the trunk and I'll hit him on the head and knock him out as he comes out.' I did. Ian hit him, but it wasn't enough. Fred got out and kept walking. Ian then shot him and he fell. Ian then asked me to help drag the body away from the road, but I couldn't—I just couldn't. I didn't want to go near him. I didn't want to touch him. Then Ian shot him again and went through his pockets . . . I shot him again, and we got back in the car. I was worried. Ian said to me, 'You've got to have no feelings.' I went home, but I couldn't sleep. I smoked all night, trying not to think about it, but I could clearly hear Fred still screaming and yelling. Since we did this thing four weeks ago, I haven't been able to sleep, thinking about it. I wanted to tell you about it . . ."

Thus ended Stephen's statement. I'd like to say a few words about such statements—or "confessions," as the newspapers like to call them—because we're often accused of forcing them out of people suspected of serious crimes by the use of intimidation and violence. I would like to assure you that any officer on my force who is found guilty of abusing a suspect—will be severely punished.

Experienced criminals are well aware of this. By falsely claiming to have been

beaten, they hope to discredit the police and to repudiate incriminating statements they have made before their case comes to trial. False charges of violence against the police are common. One prisoner banged his head and face against the steel bars of his cell, then claimed that the detectives who questioned him were responsible for his injuries. In another instance, a man with a lengthy record of armed robbery showed a magistrate a number of wounds and bruises on his legs and face. "The cops did this with a steel-edged ruler," he said. The magis-

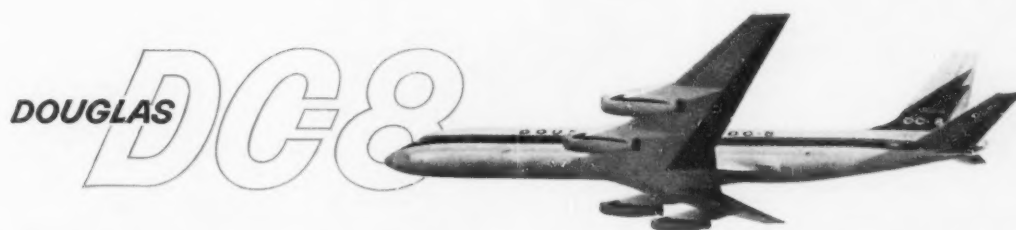
trate was not impressed. Three days before his appearance in court, the suspect had crashed into a tree while trying to escape with a stolen car. His injuries were carefully noted on the accident report made out at the time.

Breaking a homicide case is often the source of great satisfaction to the police, because it may mean removing a dangerous criminal from society. On the other hand these are cases where officers will work for weeks, and even months, amassing so much evidence that, in their minds, the suspect is surely the guilty party. Yet,

because of the court's heavy responsibility to ensure that no innocent person is convicted, he then may go free.

This can be frustrating, but the police recognize that it underlines an important principle in our system of justice: the laws are designed to protect the innocent, even at the cost of allowing the occasional guilty person to go unpunished. ★

*In the final installment in this series, Chief Mackey will describe how the average citizen can protect himself and his property against criminals.*



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**"Canada, the one nation that can save the Commonwealth, has the moral responsibility to do so"**

it with respect to consultation before taking actions of major international significance.

Sir Anthony Eden is quite candid about the lack of consultation prior to the invasion of Egypt. He writes in his memoirs: "Nor was there any chance that all concerned would take precisely the same view of what action should follow consultation. As a result there would have been attempts to modify our proposals, to reach some sort of compromise . . . This was the last thing in the world we wanted, because we knew quite well that once the palavers began, no effective action would be possible."

This means that consultation is recommended only when vital interests are not affected or when unanimity can be guaranteed in advance.

Many of the countries involved have —because there was no other alternative—made defense pacts with the United States and others look to that country for capital funds, technical assistance and encouragement. It is sad to find that the British press, with the exception of the Times and the Guardian, pays almost no attention to the commonwealth as an association but plays up news from Washington, New York and Hollywood.

**All things to all nations**

Canada is the one country that can save the situation and has, more than any other member, the moral responsibility to do so. We have the moral responsibility because we have by past actions produced the present meaningless abstraction we choose to call the commonwealth. We have always paid lip service to an ideal while doing little or nothing to make it a reality. The foundation on which the commonwealth was to have been built was outlined in 1926 when Britain and the associated dominions were described as "autonomous communities . . . equal in status and in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

For Canada this was a neat solution to an internal political problem and not a foundation on which to build. Sentiment and nationalism were both satisfied. Those who had an affection for the United Kingdom and a fear of the United States could point to the crown. The government could and did refuse to join the Pan American Union on the grounds that we already belonged to one highly satisfactory club. Those who were nationalist-minded could be reassured; there would be no central machinery, no obligations; no reason to do anything that we would not do without membership. Unspecified economic advantages were possible and there could be no disadvantages because Canada would see to it that the commonwealth remained in the realm of the imagination.

Several attempts have been made to give meaning to the association set up in 1926. Canada vetoed them all and, what is worse, made not a single constructive suggestion. In the 1920s Britain, Australia and New Zealand favored a joint foreign policy — a common and hence, so it was argued, stronger voice in world affairs.

Canada refused to look at this proposal, maintaining that the League of Nations was the proper vehicle for collective security while at the same time admitting that it was virtually impotent because the United States had refused to join. The

real reasons were that the forces of isolationism and nationalism were strong, and our leaders thought that our geographical position made us immune from international balance-of-power politics. As our representative at Geneva later said: "We

live in a fireproof house far from inflammable materials."

There was, of course, a genuine difficulty in supporting a joint foreign policy, as its implications could not be defined or foreseen. However, this was not the



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only proposal Canada killed. As the first volume of the Mackenzie King biography shows, any form of central machinery to tighten the relationship among the dominions was out. Canada axed a proposal that the British Board of Trade gather and publish trade statistics for the whole group, that an advisory economic committee be set up, that the Imperial Shipping Committee be put on a statutory basis and that a scheme for empire copyrights and patents be adopted.

All these ideas were guillotined when Canada was still only a few years out of

colonial knee pants and hence, it might be argued, unduly sensitive about parental control. Yet the same attitude is evident twenty years later. In 1943 John Curtin, Australia's prime minister, proposed a commonwealth council to co-ordinate defense policy and war effort among the members. Mackenzie King turned thumbs down. In 1946 Australia, New Zealand and Britain were full of plans to make the commonwealth a "third force" with the United States and the Soviet Union in the balance of world power. Once again the idea withered

under King's cold gaze. Our government would never go beyond the common crown, "intimate co-operation" and devotion to parliamentary government.

Even this basis disappeared with the admission of India in 1947, followed by Ceylon, Pakistan, Malaya and Ghana. Of these only Ceylon and Ghana pay allegiance to the crown and Ghana plans to become a republic next summer. The others recognize the Queen "as a symbol of commonwealth"—a fine example of having one's cake and eating it too. It is no longer possible even to talk about

parliamentary government and political virtue as a unifying force. Before Pakistan went over to strong-man rule the speaker of one of the regional assemblies was killed by a flying ink well; and just recently the prime minister of Ceylon was shot.

The commonwealth does not exist; but it should and can if Canada will give a lead. Not only have we the moral responsibility but we are ideally situated. We never have been a colonial power and obviously never will be, and hence our views will not be suspect. We have the resources now and if defense costs fall, as seems at least possible, we will be even more capable financially. The opportunity to begin was never so clear or so urgent. Two projects suggest themselves immediately. First there is a real chance to build a bridge of understanding and goodwill between Asian, African and Western members. We can start the process as soon as we decide to do all in our power to help these new nations because they need it, and for no ulterior motive.

In education and technical assistance we could propose, for a start, that a commonwealth university, a commonwealth technical training centre, a commonwealth medical college and a commonwealth agricultural college be built in suitable locations and to which students from all member countries could go free of charge. Canada could train ten times as many teachers as she does and encourage them to work in the new countries.

The war proved that such emergency programs can be carried out if survival is at stake. It is at stake now, if not in such a sudden or dramatic way. The first foundation stone of the commonwealth will be laid when the central machinery necessary to co-ordinate the help of the richer members and tabulate the needs of the poorer has been created.

There is also a real possibility of making some aspects of foreign policy joint and more effective. For example, why not a commonwealth plan for disarmament, for the use of outer space, for the control of nuclear weapons? If substantial agreement could be obtained among countries of such diverse circumstances, beliefs and attitudes it would certainly carry great weight. Member governments can find out if it can—by the simple process of trying. ★



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## Will De Gaulle blow up our chances for peace? continued from page 20

### "Sensible Moslems know that independence from France would ruin Algeria"

sells wigs and masquerade costumes, whose show window was dominated by an instantly recognizable face—big nose, deep wrinkles and pendulous dewlaps, expression of a disenchanted bloodhound. It was De Gaulle all right, but De Gaulle as he is portrayed by Herblock, David Low, John Collins, the political cartoonists of two continents. It was far from flattery. This mask was on sale for a modest sum to any Frenchman who wanted to go to a masquerade as a caricature of the president of France.

I walked past the shop in company with a French editor, and it was he who drew my attention to the mask of De Gaulle.

"Look, there is our dictator," he said with a grin. "As you see, the opposition can still express itself in France."

But in that case, why doesn't it do so more audibly? What is the explanation for the docile unanimity that seemed to have overtaken the country in the last few weeks?

"What you must realize," explained my French colleague, "is that there was no opposition to De Gaulle's handling of the January revolt in Algeria. It simply did not exist. Before that, De Gaulle's position was not so strong—many big groups among the people were discontented with him. But when the rebellion came everybody supported him—the press, the trade unions, the parliament, even the opposing political parties all but a handful. We were unanimous."

It's an ironic thought that the rebellious *colons* of Algiers, in trying to put De Gaulle out, instead made practically certain of keeping him in, but apparently that's what happened. Public opinion surveys indicate that my colleague exaggerated very little when he said opposition had disappeared. Three quarters of all Frenchmen now say they approve of De Gaulle's policy in Algeria (only half said so in mid-January) and of De Gaulle himself as president. The same percentage is in favor of prosecuting the Algerian rebels, and two thirds vote for severe treatment.

Never have the chances looked so good for settling the six-year-old war in Algeria, restoring peace between Frenchmen and Moslems in that ravished country, and ending the hemorrhage that has sapped French resources and morale to the verge of ruin. I talked to one French Algerian, third generation of his family to be born there, and found him bubbling with optimism.

"If only De Gaulle does not let this opportunity slip," he said, "if only he uses his enormous prestige to get a cease-fire now, I'm sure we can make a real peace. You have no idea how fed up we are, on both sides, with this miserable war. If we can end it, then Frenchmen and Moslems can go back to being friends again—and they will."

President de Gaulle had guaranteed the Algerian Moslems "self-determination," a free vote to decide their own future, as soon as a cease-fire was accepted. Wouldn't they vote for complete independence? And would the French *colons* and the French army accept that choice?

"They won't vote for independence; they'll vote for some kind of association with France in the French community. I'm sure of it."

What made him so sure?

"Our Moslems are not crazy. They know where their interests lie. Did you know we have four hundred thousand Moslems in metropolitan France today, and that they send home forty billion francs a year to Algeria? Did you know we have something like three hundred thousand Moslem war veterans, and that their pensions run around fifteen billion francs a year? Independence from France would be economic ruin for Algeria, and all sensible Moslems know it."

"What they want is not independence but justice. I must admit they have not had justice up to now. In Algeria it has been a matter of no importance to put a Moslem in jail. What gives President de Gaulle his immense prestige today is not anything he said, but the simple fact that he has put the French rebel leaders in jail. That never happened before."

This is not the sort of talk I expected to hear from a French Algerian—they normally sound more like fascists. My friend admitted that he is in the minority of his compatriots, but he is not alone.

As for extremists of the Right, the failure of their revolt in January has left

them leaderless (their leaders are in jail) disorganized and dispirited. Without the active support of the army they found themselves impotent and the army, despite some half-hearted sympathy with the rebellion, mainly stood by De Gaulle. The big question is whether it will continue to do so.

"We're not out of trouble yet," one pessimistic Frenchman told me. "Of course the army could not support that absurd affair in January, led by a brothel-keeper and a lunatic. But the army is still unhappy. In my opinion the real danger to liberty in France is not the government of De Gaulle, however strong it may look. The real danger is that some of De Gaulle's opponents, the reactionary groups, might get the army to join them in another coup. They succeeded in 1958, when they put De Gaulle in, but he has not met their expectations. They might succeed again, and they will not repeat the mistake."

Of the groups that De Gaulle has offended, probably the most important politically are the farmers. They are holding hostile demonstrations all over rural France. One of these, in Amiens, turned into a first-class riot, but that was probably not the farmers' fault—a handful of fanatics tried to convert it into a fight for "French Algeria." Farm prices in France are state-controlled, in a number of complex ways, and until the De Gaulle government's first budget they were bound by law to the cost-of-living index. When the index rose, farm prices rose too, automatically. De Gaulle's Finance Minister Antoine Pinay (since resigned) thought this automatic escalator was a cancer in the French economy, and he removed it by drastic surgery.

Since then, French farmers claim they can't make a living. Angriest of all are the "liberal" farmers, the young men who broke away from the conservative traditions of their fathers and tried new methods, including the use of farm machinery bought on credit. At today's prices, they say, they haven't enough left over from the necessities of life to pay off these debts, and their tractors and binders are being repossessed by the finance companies.

It is a fact that the cost-price squeeze on the farmer, of which we hear so much in Canada, is probably worse in France than anywhere else. Retail prices in France are high, including food prices. But the prices the farmer gets directly for his produce are among the lowest in Europe. The difference is eaten up by an incredible procession of middlemen, operating a distribution system that is centuries old, and fantastically inefficient. Almost all the food grown in France goes into the ancient Paris market called Les Halles, and thence in due time is returned to the provinces to be eaten. Cases have been established where a cabbage grown in Brittany would eventually be sold—no longer fresh but ten times more expensive—within five miles of the farm where it grew, having meanwhile spent many days traveling to and from Paris.

This is another thing De Gaulle has promised to clear up. Frenchmen are skeptical—many a government in the past has tried to clean up Les Halles, and none has succeeded. But if De Gaulle does succeed, it will not be without mortally offending a large class of small mer-





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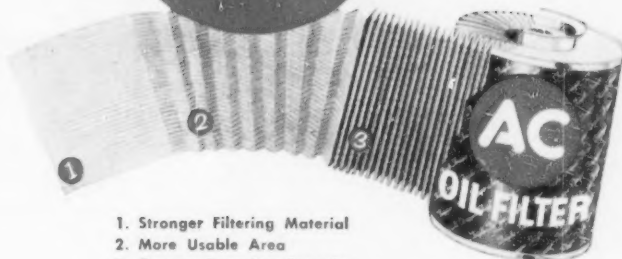
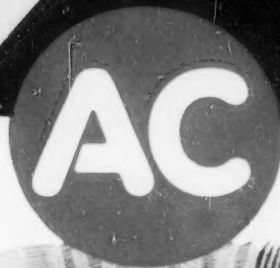


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chants, wholesalers, *petit bourgeois* who are the human links in this long cumbersome chain of distribution. Every link is an established position, handed down from father to son like a family farm. If De Gaulle abolishes this antique system he may partially mollify the indignant farmers, but he will certainly make a lot of new enemies.

Meanwhile, farmers and *petit bourgeois* are both angered by another De Gaulle measure—the new tax law. It was originally called "Fiscal Reform Law," and its aim was to reduce tax evasion. By the time it got through an alarmed Chamber of Deputies it had been greatly weakened, and its name changed to "Fiscal Amendments," but it will still make tax evasion more difficult.

It is not true, as so many people pretend, that the French don't pay taxes. French income tax is considerably higher than ours (Canadians working in Paris are careful to pay their taxes to Ottawa, as the law permits) and the great majority of Frenchmen have no choice but to pay it in full. But two classes on whom it has been very difficult to enforce the French law are the farmers and the small shopkeepers, both of whom regard any attempt to do so as a tyrannous outrage. It was a previous plan to stop tax evasion among shopkeepers that gave birth to the semi-fascist party led by Pierre Poujade.

This attitude is not quite as preposterous as it sounds. The great gainer in the French economy during the past ten years has been the wage and salary earner (aside from isolated individuals who have grown rich in various ways). The worker in French industry is probably about 25 percent better off now than he was in 1950. At the same time the worker gets the full benefit of the French social welfare program, which is considerable and costly, and which is paid for almost entirely by the employer and the government.

A secretary whose salary is \$110 a month, for example, costs her employer another thirty-six dollars a month in so-

cial-security payments; she herself pays about two dollars. The self-employed people, such as farmers and merchants, get only a meager share of this social insurance for which, they feel, they are expected to pay as much as anyone. They have an envious resentment against the employed worker, and they think it serves him right that he should have to pay taxes. Their own case, in their view, is different.

Employers, too, tend to feel that workers are getting more than they deserve, and are also cooling toward the government. They are suspicious of De Gaulle's intention to encourage labor-management councils, which they fear will give labor some voice in the decisions of industry. It may be that they too are wary of the new tax law, which is getting a lot of hostile publicity. For whatever reason, it is assumed in Paris that the resignation of Antoine Pinay as minister of finance is a sign that Big Business has lost confidence in De Gaulle's government.

All these affronts against the Right should at least build up the government's credit with the Left, but there is no evidence that this is happening. For one thing, the Left for too many years has taken De Gaulle for granted as a man of the Right—wrongly, as events have shown, but the bias is still there.

More recently and more decisively, another government measure has alienated the French Left. The new school bill, passed by a Chamber of Deputies which is considerably to the Right of public opinion, gives tax money to private (i.e., Roman Catholic) schools with no control over curriculum. This is an old and sore issue in France—as it is or has been in several provinces of Canada. The French Left has always been for complete separation of church and state, and for wholly secular public schools. The new school bill caused De Gaulle's minister of education, a socialist, to resign, and it has left a lot of unhealed wounds among the public.

Meanwhile the government has some



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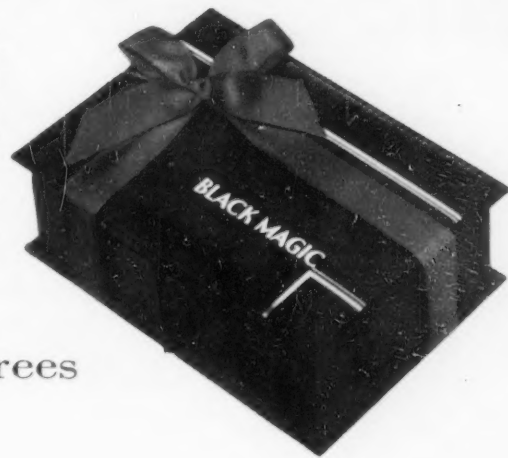
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## "De Gaulle has a tendency to use the Soviet Union as a means of getting his way with the West"

cause to be disappointed in public reaction to its foreign policy. De Gaulle's obsession with the grandeur, glory and independence of France led him into complete isolation in the councils of NATO, where his withdrawal of the Mediterranean fleet from NATO control and his refusal of an integrated air defense program caused general dismay. But it was assumed at first that French opinion was with him.

Now, NATO officers are convinced that this is not so. They say the alliance is more popular with the French people than it is with the president of France, and they think this may be one reason for the softening in his own attitude lately. Compromise solutions of the navy and air defense problems seem to be in the making, and they will mean considerable relenting on the part of General de Gaulle.

They think they see some further relenting in the general's attitude toward the Soviet Union. When the summit meeting was being arranged, De Gaulle displayed a tendency to play one side against the other — to use the Soviet Union as a means of getting his own way with the West. Foreign observers say this policy has gone down badly, not only among other members of the alliance but in France itself. It is one reason for widespread disaffection among the conservative businessmen whom Finance Minister Pinay represented.

NATO officials are more optimistic now than they were a few weeks ago about De Gaulle's behavior at the summit meeting in May, but their optimism is based partly on the belief that the

French policy of intransigence has not been really popular.

Even the French atomic bomb, so-called, has not roused much enthusiasm within France. It was front-page news for a day or two, and the subject of comment (often unenthusiastic) for a while longer. According to NATO officials who have talked to them, the French scientists who made the atomic explosive are the least enthusiastic of all — they're against it. They know better than anyone how far behind the times they are in nuclear weapons. The one they set off in February was not, in fact, a portable bomb at all; senior allied officers think it will take several years more to make an actual bomb, and even then the French will be scarcely further ahead than the Anglo-American project was in 1945, at the time of Hiroshima. To the physicists this looks like a colossal waste of time and money, which they'd prefer to spend doing something useful.

### After De Gaulle — who?

This long catalogue of grievances appears to be inconsistent with the fact of De Gaulle's popularity, but the public reverence for the name and figure of De Gaulle, the hero, the symbol of French honor and glory, makes it necessary for many Frenchmen to direct their resentment against someone other than the actual person of the president of France.

But the resentment is there, and De Gaulle is seventy years old, an increasingly tired man. Of a successor, not the remotest possibility is now in sight.

In another democracy this might not

matter. Presidents and prime ministers have emerged from obscurity, and sometimes have disappeared again without trace, and their countries have still bowed along in much the same old track. France is different.

The easiest thing to forget about France, even when you're actually visiting the country, is that France is a nation at war. Half a million of her men are in arms all the time, and thousands have been killed in action. This war is not confined entirely to North Africa, either — some engagements are fought even in the streets of Paris.

The day before I arrived, two traffic policemen were called to stop a disturbance in a small café near the Temple metro station. They came, found all quiet, and were about to leave when two Algerian Moslems opened fire on them from the street. One policeman was killed instantly; later, another was killed before one assailant was captured. The captive was summarily "lynched" by the crowd — the morning newspaper didn't explain just what it meant by this word, but the man died in hospital that night. His accomplice got away.

In the Paris press this appalling story was front-page news for one day. Then it was dropped, and I saw no further reference to it except a tiny back-page item on the funeral of the two policemen. Twenty-four Paris policemen have been killed in this manner since the Algerian war began; apparently Parisian readers have become hardened to it, and perhaps somewhat hardened to violence in general.

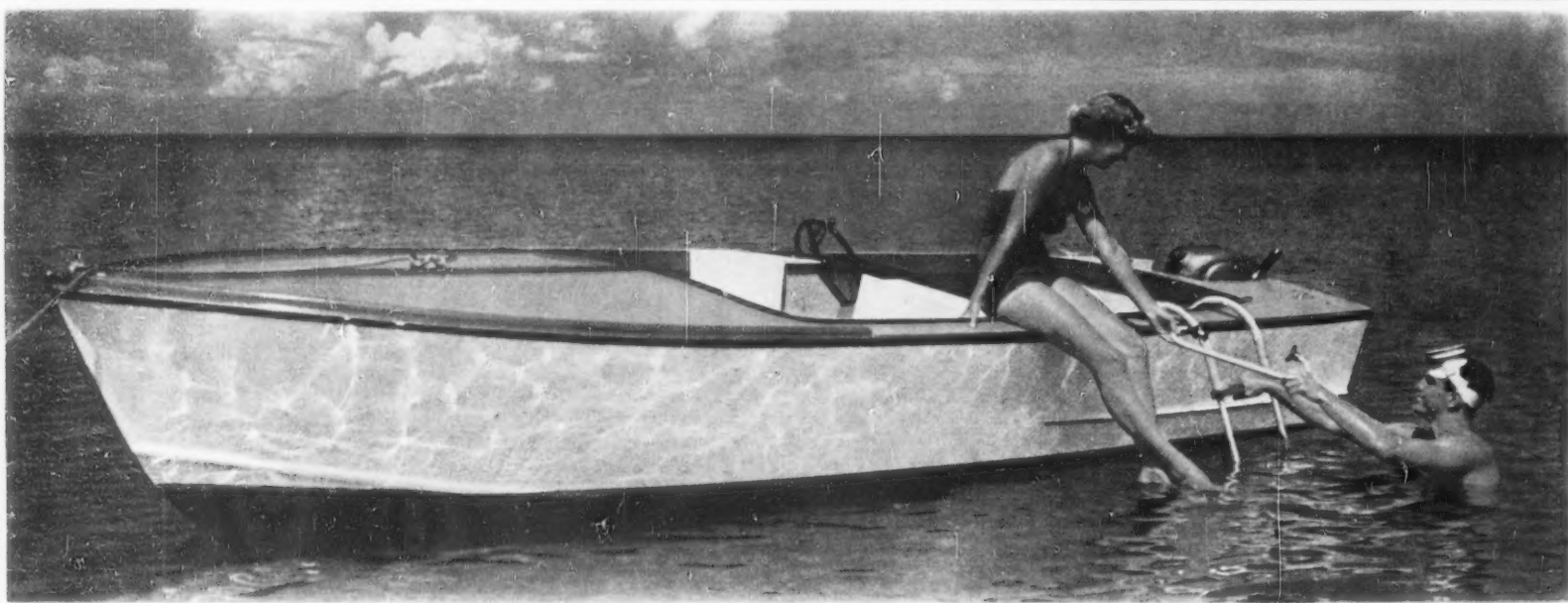
It was a threat of violence two years ago that brought the present French gov-

ernment into office, and the Fifth Republic into being. An astonishing book entitled *State Secrets*, by J. R. Tournoux, has lately been published in Paris. It gives, in great detail, including names, times, places and what purport to be quotations from secret documents and secret conversations, a full account of the army's role in overthrowing Premier Plimlin and putting De Gaulle in his place. It was a decisive role.

Today, of course, the situation is very different. The president of France is no longer a mere figurehead. He is a true head of state and the army's commander-in-chief, a job for which he is professionally qualified. Moreover, even if the army did wish to replace him, they have no well-known public figure to replace him with.

Nevertheless, the army is not happy. Its two hundred thousand regular officers and NCOs, and such special professional corps as the paratroopers, are fiercely determined never to accept another "betrayal" like the "defeat" in Indo-China. Whether they will accept any compromise in Algeria, even from De Gaulle, is a question not yet answered. Whether they would accept it from anyone else hardly needs to be asked.

For all these reasons, sober observers here believe that democracy in France is still in grave danger. France is still a free country, yes, but whether she can remain one through the next five years is by no means certain. It depends in part on the patience, friendship and comprehension that will be shown by the other fourteen nations, like Canada, of whom France is an indispensable ally. ★



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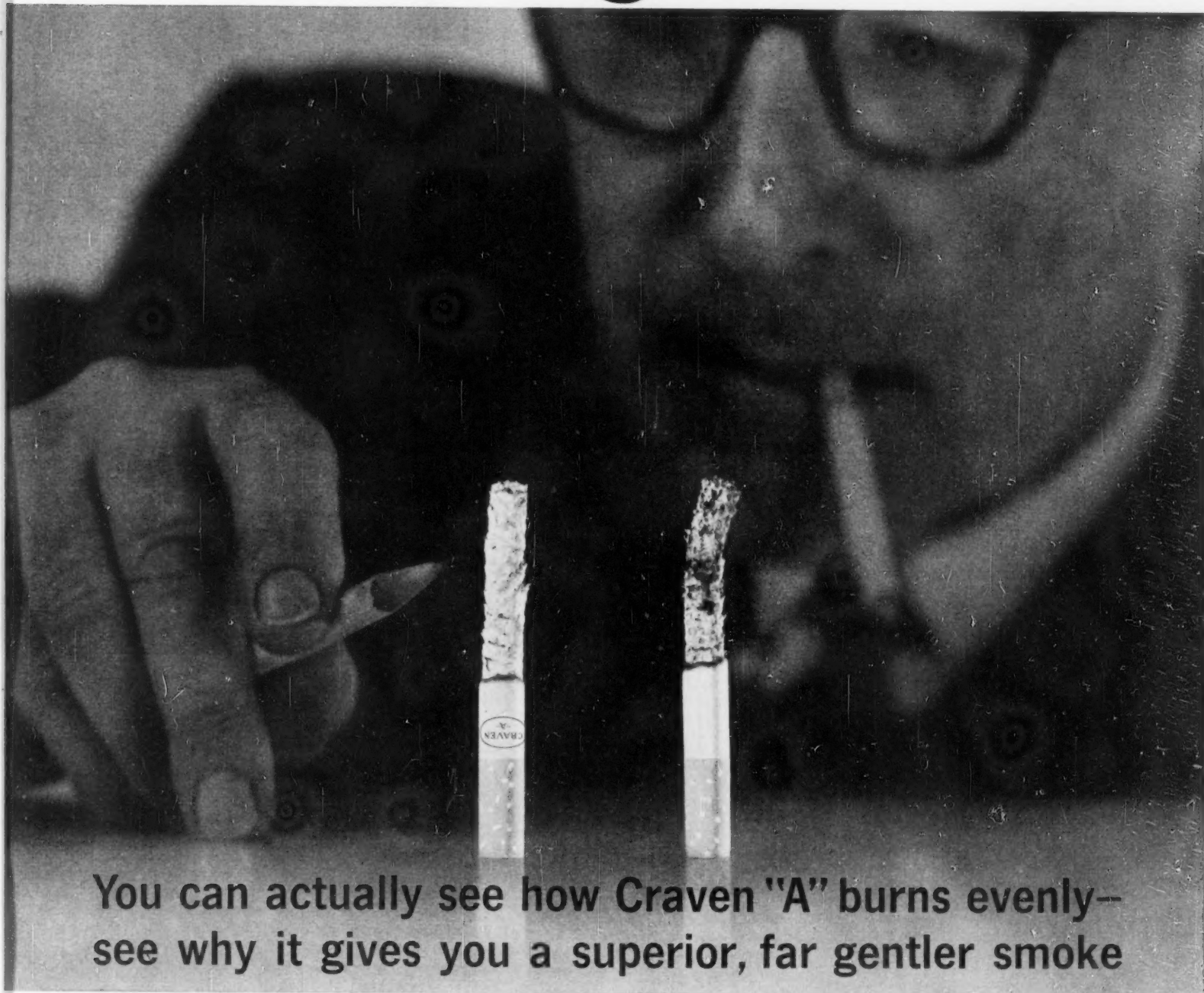
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## London Letter

Continued from page 12

years, but suddenly the Mountbatten saga had become like a Greek tragedy of Euripides.

Well, that was that. According to the pattern of human existence, tragedy and joy had joined in a macabre dance of the fates, and just then came the completely unexpected announcement that Princess Margaret had become engaged to the clever young photographer Mr. Armstrong-Jones. It caught the gossip writers of the London press completely asleep. Here was news that excited everyone, but the press knew nothing about it in advance.

The first reaction was one of genuine pleasure and even relief as we recalled the unhappy romance of Margaret with Captain Townsend. After that, she had become a sad woman for whom permanent spinsterhood seemed certain. True to the technique of royalty, she smiled in public and attended the functions which are inescapable from high place, but her smile on official occasions was forced and wistful.

### Elizabeth's warning hand

My memory goes back to the day when little Margaret Rose and her sister sat in the abbey, watching their father's coronation. Margaret was so tiny that her feet could not reach the floor, so instead she swung her legs in childish enthusiasm. But Elizabeth put a warning hand on Margaret's knee. One felt even then that the older sister, as heir to the throne, would willingly bear the burden of sovereignty when it came to her and would accept the dedicated life that fate imposed upon her. The problem of Margaret had still to wait the whims of fate.

Princess Margaret was twenty-nine at the time Queen Elizabeth withdrew from her normal activities because she was expecting her third child.

Barely had the cheers subsided after the boy was born than the newspapers exploded the news that Margaret had become engaged. Armstrong-Jones was not only an excellent photographer but also very much a young man about town—a member of the smart younger set who are more given to dances and parties than to affairs of state. At once there emerged the problem of the social status of the young man. When he married his princess, how would they be announced on state occasions? Would a master of ceremonies at a public function announce: "Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret and Mr. Jones?"

One might argue that a difficult problem confronted the royal family with the accession of Elizabeth II to the throne. There we had a queen and prince consort, but for some reason the prince was made the Duke of Edinburgh although needless to say it did not reduce his royal wife's title to that of the Duchess of Edinburgh. Therefore his official status today is: "His Royal Highness the Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh."

At any rate you will agree that al-



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though the role of consort was by no means unknown to British royal circles, it was something new to have Her Majesty's sister married to a Mr. Jones even though it be a Mr. Armstrong-Jones. The ghosts of Gilbert and Sullivan must have walked that night.

There was a great divergence in the reactions on Fleet Street. The left wing weekly New Statesman was not only ungracious but boorish. Its editor commented: "One more article on 'My friend Tony' and I personally feel I shall give up the unequal struggle. But a royal engagement, slap on top of a royal birth, takes its toll of the strongest."

By contrast the Guardian went all goo-goo with its pronouncement that the whole thing was a fairy-story romance of the young man (working for his living like countless other young men) who has won the hand of a princess. Even the lordly Times was quick to point out the great advantage that one very popular virtue of Mr. Armstrong-Jones is that with him the princess will have no temptation to belong to other nations but will remain an English Lady.

The dignified Daily Telegraph urged our natural interest in the romance to be tempered by a decent respect for the privacy to which any engaged couple is entitled. To which one can only comment: "Laugh that one off!"

What then is the future of these two young people who have somewhat belatedly reached the romance and agreement of marriage? Armstrong-Jones will no doubt be created a Marquis although his wife will remain a princess.

Everyone of decent feeling hopes that gradually Armstrong-Jones will bridge the gap between his artistic and his official duties. To achieve that he will need the co-operation of the newspapers and of television. When a sufficient time has elapsed for him to exchange high spirits for the burden of high degree, he will have learned the technique of royalty and may well prove a source of strength to the true preservation of the Palace.

Since the Queen now has three children, it is unlikely that Princess Margaret will ever be called to the throne. But no one doubts that when it comes for Armstrong-Jones to accept a high title he will have acquired experience, knowledge and a sense of dedication. For a time the satirists will have their way but their wit will grow thin.

Perhaps some day Princess Margaret will be governor-general of Canada, and her husband will be able to take photographs of Rideau Hall and its lovely parks.

But all that is in the distant future. Soon the prophets, the priests and politicians will gather in Westminster Abbey for the wedding of the Queen's younger sister, while in Parliament Square the battery of photographers will take pictures of the aristocrat of the camera world and his royal bride.

From Land's End to John o' Groat's the toast will be to "The Princess and the Jones boy!" and we shall all feel younger for it. ★

### To my fellow graduates

Our annoyance with the younger set, To get right down to the heart of it, Is not so much the things it does— But that we're not a part of it.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF





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### The four fabulous lives of Samuel Zacks

Continued from page 18

painters and sculptors in Europe and North America. They have bought pictures directly from many renowned contemporary impressionists including Dufy and Matisse.

Mrs. Zacks says: "Sometimes I take off for Europe at a few hours' notice when we get word that some picture or carving we would like to buy is coming up for sale." When they were in Paris last summer, the Zacks heard that half a dozen important Italian classical paintings were being offered by a private owner in Rome. Zacks got an option on the pictures and then arranged with a Roman expert to check their authenticity. The expert failed to carry out the job and did not advise the Zacks of his omission until the day the option was due to expire. Fearing they might lose the pictures to another collector, Zacks and his wife chartered an aircraft, flew to Rome, picked up another art expert and taxied out to the villa in which the pictures were housed. Much to the chagrin of the Zacks—and the owner—the art expert decided that the pictures were fakes.

Sometimes the Zacks discover that European governments are reluctant to let them export art treasures. In cases of this kind Sam Zacks employs diplomacy. Once, he discovered that the French government would not allow him to take a marble Grecian head out of France. He went to the Louvre, the historic French gallery, and asked the curator if there was any specimen of art that he desired, but for which he had no funds to pay. The curator named an Egyptian cave mural. Zacks bought the mural for the Louvre and in gratitude the French authorities permitted him to take back to Canada the Grecian head he coveted.

While they collect avidly, the Zacks' motives are unselfish. "One day," says Zacks, "we intend to divide the collection between art galleries in Canada and Israel."

At Tel Aviv, Israel, the Zacks have built a spacious house, two doors from the home of their friend Prime Minister David Ben Gurion. The three upper floors are laid out as an art gallery which one day will be open to the public, and Zacks' pictures are already beginning to fill it.

At Hazor, in Israel, the Zacks are sponsoring a museum beside archeological excavations of one of King Solomon's cities. The museum will house carvings, pottery, weapons and other artifacts removed from the diggings and will serve as a research centre.

Zacks, a tough, proud Jew, sees no incongruity in his dual loyalty to Israel and Canada. He inherited his zeal for Zionism from his father, Akivah, who emigrated from Russia in the Nineties and settled in Kingston, Ont. According to family friends, Akivah Zacks never forgot the indignities and frustrations he had suffered as a Jew in a Russian village. He was not cut out for easy assimilation into the Canadian scene. He clung to the dress and traditions of his faith and brought up his three sons and two daughters in the



same spirit. "There can be no doubt," says Rabbi Reuben Slonim of Toronto, "that in those early days, in a small city like Kingston, the Zacks family had more experiences of anti-Semitism."

At first Akivah Zacks made his living by selling women's and children's garments. His wife Dora kept open house for all passing Jews in need of food and shelter. Yet through thrift and shrewdness, Akivah and Dora prospered and eventually built their own home, bought several other houses as an investment and began to acquire stocks.

Sam Zacks, the youngest son, who was born in Kingston in 1904, recalls: "My father made me go to Hebrew classes after public school. I used to get mad because I wanted to play baseball or football with the other kids. But I'm glad now, Hebrew made me a better Jew."

Sam Zacks was a prodigious student, especially brilliant in mathematics. "When I was about twelve," he says, "my father used to take me to a broker's office to watch the stock prices. I was not bewildered. I soon realized that buying and selling stocks is an easy way to make a living."

Zacks graduated from high school at fifteen and from Queen's University at nineteen. He took a post-graduate course in economics at Harvard. Throughout his college years he supported himself by selling automobiles, fountain pens and aluminumware during his vacations.

#### A million lost and won again

In 1925, when he was twenty-one, he got a job as an advertising salesman and bond market columnist on The Financial Post. "The job gave me contacts among brokers," says Zacks. "I started playing the market and within two years I'd made myself fifty thousand bucks."

Zacks resigned from The Financial Post in 1927, when he was twenty-three, joined the first of a series of stock broking firms he was to work for, and continued his personal speculations. "By the end of 1927," says Zacks, "I was worth a million dollars. But I was too young. I couldn't hold onto it. In 1928 I lost nearly every penny. Then, shortly before the crash in 1929, I went short on the market — betting that stock prices would fall — and got my million back again."

During the early Thirties Zacks continued as a stock broker, specializing in selling gold mine shares. "His methods were not always approved by more conservative financiers," says a close friend, "but he only played the game as others played it."

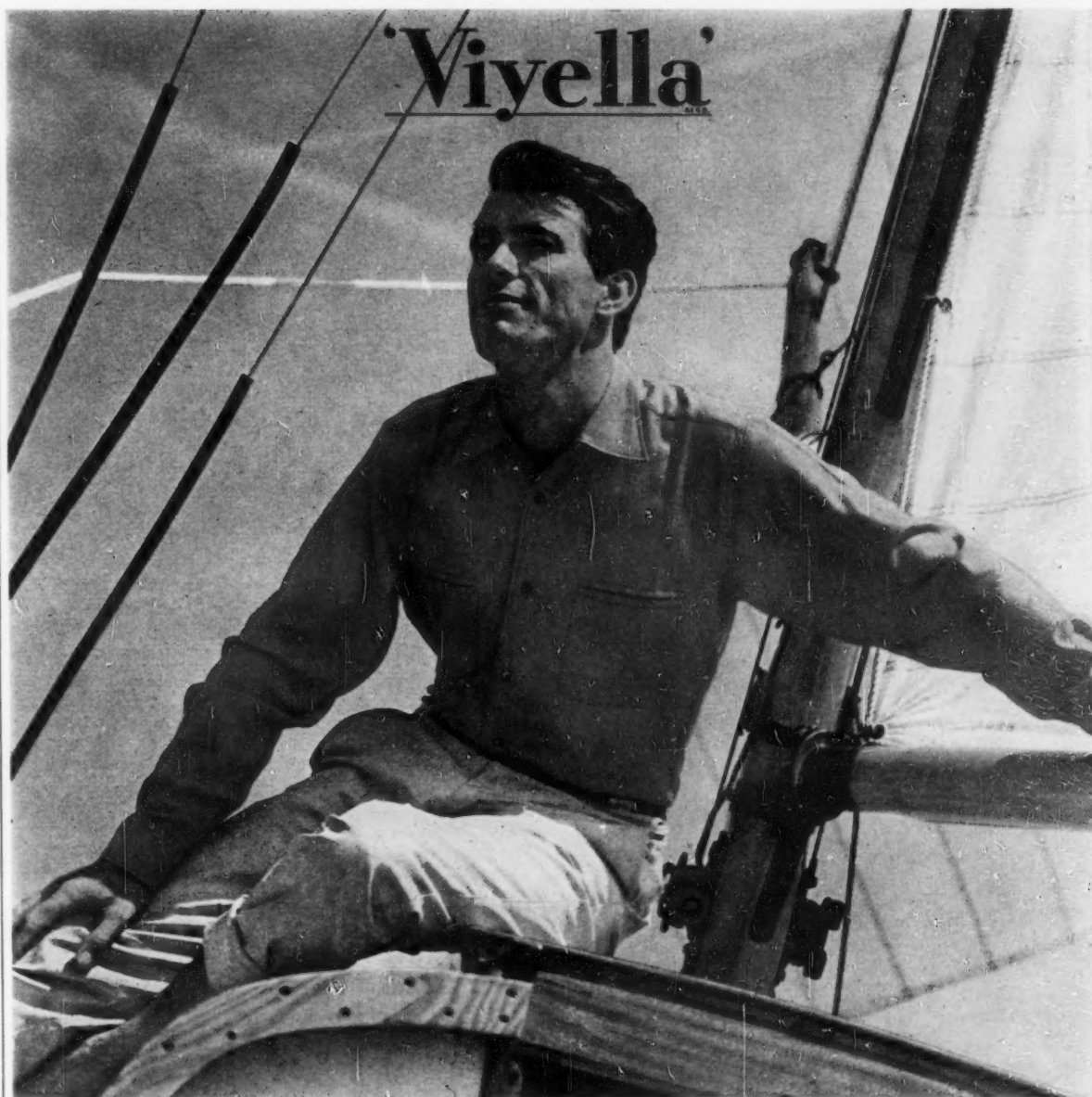
Zacks did well out of gold. "When times are bad," he says, "gold is good. Capital flies to gold. Gold prices rise. The miners' wages are low. If you have a good gold mine you can't lose." Zacks "brought in" six good gold mines in the Red Lake area of Ontario and became a power in the mining industry.

To inspect promising claims he trudged the northern bush diligently.

One autumn in the middle Thirties he listened, when other Bay Street moguls turned a deaf ear, to an ailing old prospector named Bonny Leitch who pleaded for funds to develop an Ontario claim.

Accompanied by two other mining men, Russ Cryderman and Karl Springer, Zacks and Leitch embarked in a World War I plane and ordered the pilot to fly to a Northern Ontario lake. The lake was roiling under low clouds and high winds when the aircraft arrived and driving sleet reduced visibility almost to zero. The pilot, Al Cheeseman, hesitated to land. Zacks offered him a bonus to take the risk. The aircraft touched down on

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## Every deal was his "biggest and best"; then Zacks forgot money to help 3,000 Jews settle in Canada

he crest of a huge wave and rode it like a surfboard up to a beach.

The next leg on the journey was a hike along a river bank. After a few miles, old Leitch collapsed. On the other side of the river Zacks saw a boat. He stripped and swam the icy flood to borrow it. The owner, who lived in a nearby Indian hack, was absent. When Zacks knocked at the door, a savage dog sprang out and attacked. Zacks managed to fight it off and get away in the boat.

Zacks and Cryderman rowed Leitch back down the river to the lake, where they put up the old prospector for the night in the aircraft. Then they rejoined Springer and Cheesehead up the river. Finally, after slogging ten miles through wamp and scrub they came to a few tents beside a gold claim. Zacks financed the claim and out of it came The Leitch Gold Mines, a highly profitable property of which Karl Springer is now president.

Shortly before World War II Zacks embarked on a scheme which, though unsuccessful, illustrates his astuteness. He received a tip from a contact in Vienna that the British pound was about to drop from five to three dollars in consequence of the international crisis. At the time Zacks and a partner owed a Canadian bank two million dollars. They sailed to London with the object of getting their two-million-dollar loan transferred to a sterling loan from a British bank at five dollars to the pound. "We wanted to owe the money in pounds instead of dollars," he explains. Zacks planned that when the pound dropped to three dollars he would repay the loan. "If my plan had come off," Zacks said, "we would have netted profit of about eight hundred thousand dollars because the pound did drop for a short time to three dollars. But at the last minute my partner lost his nerve and we never went through with it."

A vivid picture of Zacks during his early money-making years is provided by his brother-in-law, Joseph Newman, a well-known Toronto lawyer. "Sam lived in our Toronto home for twenty years before he married," says Newman, "and thought of nothing but deals. His strongest characteristic was the application of

great emotion to everything he did. Every deal he entered into was the biggest and the best, and he infected others with his enthusiasm. This quality ran like a red ribbon through his life. Whatever the project before him was, he deified it."

If Zacks deified Mammon for many years he did not hesitate to drop this god when moved by pity. While wrestling with the frustrations of the abortive dollar-sterling loan deal in London, Zacks was harrowed by the pitiful condition of thousands of refugees from German anti-Semitism. "Suddenly," he says, "I forgot business and decided to do something for my people."


Zacks returned to Canada and became chairman of the Canadian Jewish Congress Refugee Committee. He helped several thousand European Jewish farmers to settle on Canadian soil during the early days of the war.

Among his other proteges were three thousand German Jewish internees, including many high-school boys. Zacks toured Canada from coast to coast raising funds to send them to university. Many non-Jews contributed. One old prairie woman gave him two cows. Zacks made himself financially responsible for five of the boys and got sponsors for many others. One, on whom he spent ten thousand dollars, repaid every penny. Today most of them are making impressive contributions to Canadian art, science, law, medicine and scholarship. They include Eric Koch, a CBC producer, Martin Fischer, a Toronto psychiatrist, Emil Fackenheim, a professor of philosophy at the University of Toronto, and John Neumark, a Montreal singer Maureen Forrester. Another, whom Zacks recalls with some misgivings, was Klaus Fuchs, a nuclear physicist who later was jailed by the British for giving scientific secrets to Russia.

Nazi barbarities during the war convinced Zacks that a Hebrew state was essential for the future protection of his race. In 1943, at thirty-nine, he became president of the Zionist Organization of Canada; "Some of my friends looked upon me as mad," he says.

Rabbi Reuben Slonim explains: "In





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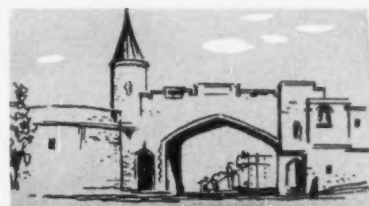
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those days it took a special kind of guts to be a Zionist. People used to say: 'You don't have to be crazy to be a Zionist but it helps.' Palestine was then a British colony administered under a League of Nations mandate. The position of Canadian Jews in relation to Zionism was particularly delicate. Owing to Canada's British connection, and Britain's commitments to the anti-Zionist Arabs in the Middle East, the patriotism of Canadian Zionists was questioned."

The pictures in 1945 of the charnel houses called concentration camps rallied most Canadian Jews to the Zionist cause but there were differences of opinion about what form the new state should take. Zacks was among Zionist leaders throughout the British commonwealth who visited Britain's foreign secretary, the late Ernest Bevin. On various occasions, the Zionists begged Bevin to give up the League of Nations mandate to run Palestine as a colony and support the establishment in Palestine of a Jewish dominion that would remain a member of the British commonwealth.

"If Bevin had consented," says Zacks, "I'm sure the plan would have worked out. But during my interview I got an impression shared by many other Jews, namely that Bevin was anti-Semitic."

When Bevin wavered over the future of Palestine and prohibited the immigration to Palestine of thousands of Jews who were still suffering in European camps, Zacks was outraged. He helped raise funds to buy the old ships which, laden with ragged, half-starved European Jews, ran the British blockade to Palestine. Politically he now aligned himself with David Ben Gurion, who was dedicated to the establishment in Palestine of a liberal Jewish republic.

In November 1947 the United Nations brought to an end what Winston Churchill described as "Bevin's squalid war against the Jews." The United Nations General Assembly voted for the partition of Palestine into the Jewish state of Israel and the Arab state of Jordan. The Israelis knew that as soon as the British pulled their troops out of Palestine, the following May, surrounding Arab states would attack them.

With others, Zacks had been preparing against this. He had joined the Sonneborn Institute, a secret organization named for its leader, the New York millionaire Rudolf G. Sonneborn. The institute consisted of eighteen leading North American Jews, bankers, lawyers, merchants and industrialists. "The first thing we all did," says Zacks, "was kick in a million dollars apiece."

The institute supported Haganah, the Israeli army of David Ben Gurion. The Sonneborn Institute bought aircraft, naval vessels, guns and ammunition and smuggled them to Haganah. The operation was illegal since both the United States and Canada had placed an embargo on the shipment of arms to the Middle East. This embargo was meant to be neutral and pacific but it in fact operated to Arab advantage since the Arab countries abounded in World War II arms given or sold to them by the British and U. S. governments under the pressure of pro-Arab oil interests.

While the RCMP and FBI prosecuted a handful of small fry who were caught smuggling arms out of Canada and the United States neither force accumulated sufficient evidence to bring charges against the influential North American Zionists who headed the gun-running operation.

Zacks' part in this operation was important and risky. It could have cost him his freedom, his reputation and perhaps much of his fortune. But he looks back

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upon it today with pride. His activities consisted largely of buying from conniving scrap-metal dealers surplus Canadian Bren guns which the defense department had sold on the condition that they'd be melted down. The guns were handed over to Israeli secret agents in Canada. In most instances they were smuggled first into the United States and then across the Mexican border, whence they were shipped to Israel.

Parts of various small arms were manufactured secretly in a clandestine factory over a Toronto service station and smuggled to Israel for assembly into weapons. "I knew these things were going on," says Zacks.

But Zacks, like most people in undercover operations, did not know everything that was going on. One night he received a telephone call from New York. A voice said: "A mutual friend wants to go fishing on Friday." Zacks recognized the call as a code signal. "I'll take him," he replied.

The following Friday night Zacks drove down to the Toronto docks and, as he had expected, he found there a World War II Fairmile torpedo boat which had been converted into a private luxury yacht. Aboard the yacht he picked up an

### Double standard

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There's a matter I'm always  
resenting:  
It's a "crash" or it's nothing at all...  
Depending on who did the denting.

D. E. TWIGGS

Israeli and took him to the Royal York Hotel. The Israeli entered the hotel and at the check room presented claim checks for about a dozen suitcases. Half a dozen bellboys carried the cases out to Zacks' car.

Zacks then drove back to the Fairmile and saw the cases loaded aboard. "The cases contained guns," says Zacks, "but where they'd come from I don't know." Later the Fairmile took off in the direction of the United States.

Many Canadian Jewish organizations to which Zacks belonged collected funds for the purchase of food and clothing for distressed European Jews. Sometimes Zionists diverted a percentage of these funds to the purchase of arms for Israel.

On one occasion an Israeli secret agent in Canada needed two hundred thousand dollars to buy Canadian weapons. Zacks and two other Canadians were present in a hotel room when the Israeli agent arrived. One of the other men was the representative of a Jewish agency, and the secret agent expected to collect the money from him.

But the custodian of the money, learning that it was to go into arms, refused to sign the cheque. The Israeli secret agent flew into a rage, drew a gun and threatened to shoot the custodian. Zacks and the other Canadian pounced on the agent, held him down and convinced him that such a rash deed would do no good. The Israeli agent was mollified the next day when Zacks borrowed a quarter of a million dollars from another source and so permitted the arms deal to go through.

Once, on his way to Israel, Zacks called at an address in New York. There he was asked to carry in his luggage two heavy packages. He was told that the packages contained surgical gloves and that he had

nothing to worry about. He was told further that in Paris, where he had to change aircraft, he would be met by a Zionist who would help him.

Zacks knew that he was being asked to transport something more important than surgical gloves, but he said nothing. At New York he paid the airline, out of his own pocket, two hundred dollars in excess baggage charges.

When he landed at Orly air field, Paris, there was nobody to meet him. He decided to travel alone to Le Bourget airport from whence the Israel flight took off. To

his consternation, however, the French customs wanted to inspect his baggage before permitting him to travel across Paris. Zacks refused to open his bags. The customs men detained him for several hours.

After much argument, they permitted Zacks to make a telephone call to an influential French Zionist. At once a French official came out to the airport and instructed the customs men to let Zacks go without an inspection. The French official also provided Zacks with an escort of two police motor cyclists who speeded his drive across the city by getting him

through stoplights, and enabled him, in the nick of time, to catch the aircraft for Israel.

In Israel, Zacks delivered the packages to the Weizmann Institute, a scientific laboratory. One contained samples of tear gas. After analyzing the samples Jewish chemists reproduced the tear gas in volume. The gas was used at the critical Jewish-Arab battle of Safad. The Arab troops were blinded. They fled before a Jewish attack. This Jewish victory marked a turning point in the Arab-Israeli war. It convinced the Arabs that the Jews were

determined to stay in Israel, and it led to the armistice of 1949.

Zacks and his wife watched the battle of Safad. Violence was nothing new to Ayala Zacks. Her first husband, Maurice Fleg, son of playwright and author Edmond Fleg, died from wounds in action against the Germans in 1940. Ayala escaped from German-occupied Paris to a small house she owned in the South of France. For two years she served in the French underground. Eventually the underground decided to send her to England with plans of German army positions. She went via Spain to Portugal and then flew to England.

Later she became a liaison officer in De Gaulle's Free French Forces.

Her job was maintaining contact with the Maquis in France. In 1944 she went ashore in the south of France from an assault landing craft as part of the Allied invasion. She won the Croix de Guerre for the way she organized Maquis assistance to the advancing Allied armies.

On the liberation of Paris she had a new uniform made by one of her pre-war seamstresses. Under less joyous circumstances its break-away from military severity would have brought frowns from her superior officers. She wore it to a ball attended by Field Marshal Montgomery. Dancing with Ayala, Montgomery said: "How do you French women manage, even in uniform, to look so chic?"

In 1946, soon after she was demobilized from the French army, she met Zacks at a Zionist meeting in Switzerland. For several months Zacks conducted a trans-Atlantic courtship, flying to see Ayala whenever he could and speaking often to her on the trans-ocean telephone.

In 1947 Ayala came to visit Canada. A few weeks after she arrived, they married. In Canada, Ayala was among those who spoke on behalf of Haganah, inspiring scores of young men, both Jews and Christians, to join the Israeli forces. One who joined at this time was Buzz Beurling, a famous World War II fighter pilot. Beurling crashed and died when piloting a fighter aircraft from Rome to Israel. Another was Ben Dunkelman, a son of the chairman of Tip Top Tailors. Dunkelman, who had won the DSO as a Canadian infantry major, fought many battles in Israel as a brigade commander, his greatest achievement being the capture of Nazareth by an adroit flanking movement.

Together Sam and Ayala Zacks rallied prominent Canadian Christians to the Israeli cause. Out of their efforts came the Canada Israel Association under the chairmanship of Sir Ellsworth Flavelle.

In 1949 Israel was secure. Zacks resigned from the Zionist Organization of Canada to return to business. He is president of Oakville Wood Specialties Ltd., makers of furniture veneers; of Tayside Textiles Ltd., weavers of cloth; and of Fibre Products of Canada Ltd., manufacturers of jute, hair and cotton products for the upholstery and rug industry.

Zacks sits on the board of many other companies, including that of the Palestine Economic Corporation of Canada, an organization of Canadian businessmen which invests in Israeli industry.

Between trips to Europe on art hunting expeditions the Zacks shuttle between their homes in Tel Aviv and Toronto as other Canadians shuttle between the suburbs and their country cottage. "We go when we feel in need of a change or a little sunshine," says Zacks.

But they no longer take part in the political life of Israel. "We've both had enough of politics and war," says Mrs. Zacks. "Today we concentrate on art because we believe it transcends both in importance." ★



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"Eisenhower's successor," says a Democrat, "will have to pick up the pieces. I don't envy him"

than any politician, the meaning of the 1960 election.

Is the United States morally fit to manage a new kind of free society at home and compete with another society of oppression abroad? Which side deserves to win the struggle for the world now entering its climacteric? Though the American people will not vote on any such noble, abstract issue next November, yet in a thousand versions that is the true issue before them, as it is before us, too, in our own Canadian version.

Every politician I have seen in Washington lately knows that to be the issue as the new decade closes the door on the Fifties which, for all of us in the free world, was a decade of superficial success and inner failure.

But no politician among the six who may be the next president is yet prepared to bring the issue into the open. Politically it is too vague and too hot to handle while the confident Republican party and the dejected Democrats square off for the first doubtful election since 1948 and for control of the post-Eisenhower era.

"This election," as one of the most influential Democratic statesmen of our times told me, "will decide who is to be president and not much more. Then he will decide everything, so far as his powers go, and they are practically unlimited. Since Eisenhower has bounced off every hard issue and settled none, next president will have to pick up all the pieces and put them together. Whoever he is, I don't envy that man. His term is going to be one of the most troubled and decisive in our history."

#### An end to the era of evasion

Why troubled and decisive? Because the nearly eight years of Eisenhower have been — by the tidal motion of politics and the genial personality of their dominant figure — a period of postponement, lethargy and spiritual recuperation after two furious decades of depression, war and social revolution; also because the recharged energies of a great people appear ready to reassert themselves by what Arthur Schlesinger, historian of the New Deal, calls "a breakthrough into a new political epoch."

In a time of pause and evasion a popular president and amateur of politics could rule, as the saying goes, more like a constitutional monarch than a party leader, using as his congressional prime minister a political opponent, Senator Lyndon Johnson. No successor, with a different temperament and a new situation, can use Eisenhower's method. The next president must lead boldly, like Roosevelt and Truman, or fail in everything.

Both by visible Constitution and invisible myth the chief executive of the United States is unique among the rulers of the earth. More than any other ruler he is the people. In him their strength, their weakness, their hopes and fears and dreams are all incarnate.

Cross the border these days and you will see that the supreme office is not only political but mystical — a mirror, father image and distillation of the American creaturehood.

Regardless of the Constitution, events have been quietly transferring power from the legislature to the executive because

only the executive can possibly have the secret information and flexible, day-to-day authority needed to manage a life-and-death grapple with an alien system. Only the president can project the nation's power beyond its borders.

Americans sense that shift in their own system and know that in the next president they need a great one. At the moment none is in sight.

Six men, no more, can hope to be elected. Nixon, by common consent,

would probably win at the polls tomorrow but could certainly be defeated in November. Senator Johnson, Senator John Kennedy, Senator Stuart Symington, Senator Hubert Humphrey and Private

Continued on page 77

## Some Plain Talk about Power Mowers

IF YOU'RE BUYING YOUR FIRST MOWER (OR REPLACING ONE YOU'RE DISSATISFIED WITH), SPEND 2½ MINUTES READING THIS MESSAGE BEFORE YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY.

A power lawn mower represents a substantial investment for the average home owner. It's important, therefore, before buying, to give serious thought to a number of basic decisions.

#### Lasting Satisfaction or Lowest Price?

In recent years, the power mower has moved out of the class of "luxury" equipment. Most home owners consider it as essential as a washing machine or a vacuum cleaner.

As the market has grown, competition among manufacturers has increased, forcing prices downward. This is normal and healthy in any highly competitive product field. However, your common sense will tell you that when prices come down too far, quality of design, materials and workmanship must suffer.

Today, we have literally dozens of makes of "90 day wonder" power mowers available in Canada. One of your problems as a buyer is to find a machine that strikes the right balance between price and performance. As with anything else, you get what you pay for in a power mower—and many people have lived to regret choices made on price alone. A cheap "lightweight" mower may be OK—for a year or so. But it's like a lightweight fighter in against a heavyweight. It just doesn't stand up.

#### Safety First?

When it comes to a rotary power mower, safety is a vital consideration. Look at it this way. The business end of the machine is a knife-sharp blade whirling around at something like 3,500 revolutions per minute. That's considerably more than the speed of an aeroplane propeller in normal flight—not something you want to tangle with! Of course, it's perfectly safe if properly housed. Maxwell uses 14-gauge reinforced steel in a housing scientifically designed for safety and to take advantage of the air currents set up by the revolving blade.

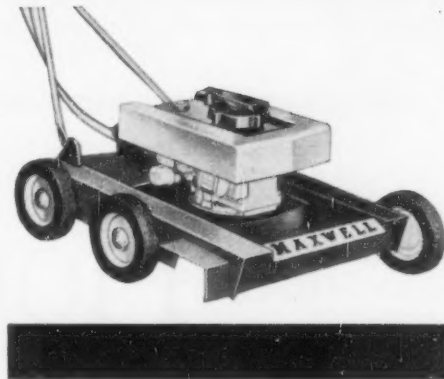
The Maxwell Rotary has other important advantages, too . . . such as wind up starting, which does away with rope tugging when you start the engine. Max-a-Matic controls put choke and throttle adjustments right at your fingertips. Cutting height adjustment is the easiest ever, with the control located right on the handle. Your Maxwell dealer will tell you about many more quality features available on either 19" or 22" models.

#### About the Makers

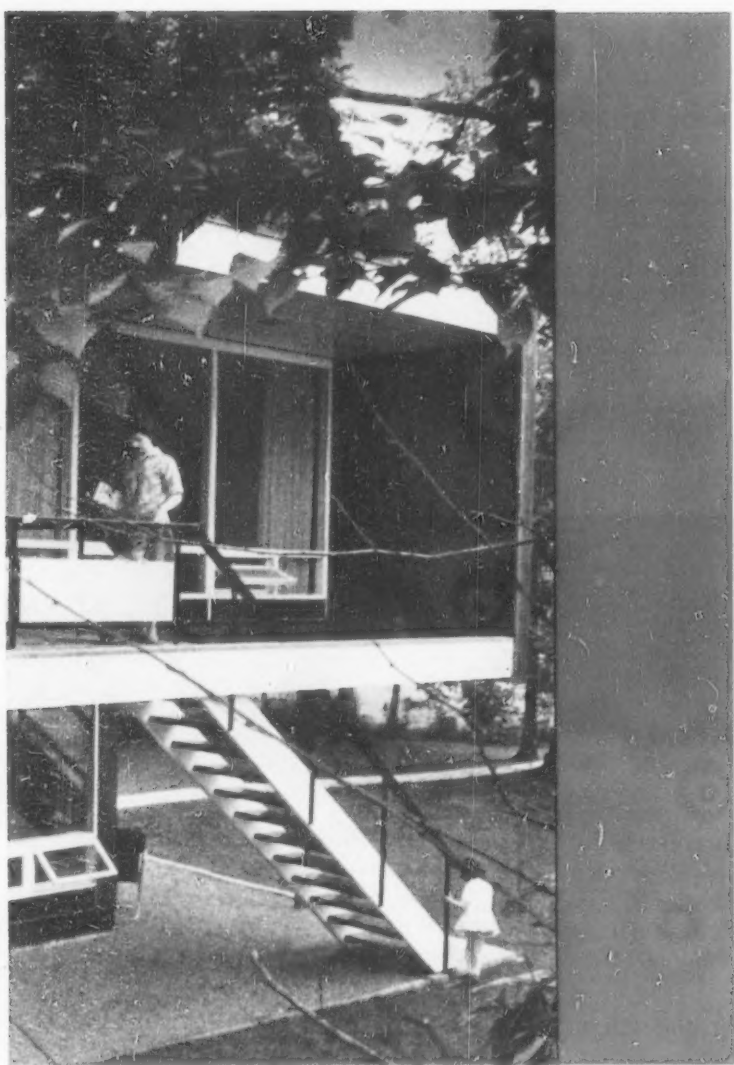
Maxwell Limited has been in business at St. Marys, Ontario, for over a hundred years. We've been making lawn mowers for more than half that time, so we've accumulated a lot of lawn mower know-how and built a reputation that is our most jealously guarded asset. Because our policy is to be quality leaders rather than price and volume leaders we have never been ones to cut corners in the design and construction of our products.

Maxwell mowers are not the cheapest on the market—neither are they the most expensive. But we honestly believe a Maxwell gives you more for your money than any other make you can buy at any price. And you'll be able to get parts and service from a reputable dealer no matter where you live in Canada. So when you buy your new power mower, why not make it a Maxwell—for years and years of happy owner use?

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## We asked . . .

"Do you think  
driver education courses  
should be given  
in our schools?"

## They answered . . .

**R. S. Lambert** of Toronto, supervisor of School Broadcasts, CBC: Courses on driver education would be important and valuable to our high-school students by giving them a more thorough and careful training in driving automobiles than they would probably obtain at home. However, in the present crowded state of high school curricula, such courses would best be given as an extracurricular activity on a voluntary basis.



**Alex R. Morrison**, London, Ont., past-President, Canadian Automobile Association: Most certainly, in my opinion, driver education courses should be given in high school. Proper driver attitudes and driving skills will mean survival for thousands of Canadians, both motorists and pedestrians, in the increasingly motorized age ahead. Canada's future citizens must be taught to live with the automobile, to use it, not to abuse it; to know and respect the vast potentiality for human tragedy and economic waste contained in the misuse of this lethal force. More than 85 percent of Canadian high school students drive cars as soon as they are old enough. They are the best and the worst drivers on the road; which—the best or the worst—depends upon the attitudes and skills they are taught by efficient methods. The policy of the C.A.A. is "that driver education courses in high schools offer the greatest single potentiality for future safe, orderly and convenient highway use . . ." It happens also to be my personal view.



**Hon. Anders O. Aalborg**, Minister of Education, Alberta: This question cannot be answered by a simple yes or no. There seems to be little doubt that such education has useful consequences in terms of safe-driving skills and attitudes. Nevertheless, if it is to be provided during school hours it would displace some present feature of the curriculum. Just which subject should give way is not easy to determine. For the time being, at least, we in Alberta favor attempts to have driver education carried on as an extracurricular activity.



A five-dollar bill goes to Mrs. I. Murray, 107 Parklea Drive, Toronto 17, for submitting this question. Have you a light, controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We will pay \$5 for each question accepted.



Citizen Stevenson, the available Democrats, all believe they could win if given the chance to run.

Of these five, however, all but one carry special disabilities and not one has yet begun to fill the mold of greatness that Lincoln filled a hundred years ago, or even to approach the stature of Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt or Harry Truman in this century.

That fact depresses all thoughtful Americans and has turned Washington into a wailing wall; but it is neither surprising nor abnormal. No president since Washington, not even Lincoln, was ever tested, established or truly known before he was elected, ceased to be a man and became an institution.

The presidency, with its unwritten, psychic powers, does strange things to its occupants, sometimes converting small men into giants and giants into dwarfs. All the possible presidents of this year are subject to the old transformation.

Actually, as an eminent scholar of the American system assured me, the six available men are up to, or above, average by historic pre-election measurement. They seem to stand below it only because they have been long exposed to public view. All their disabilities are known, their full possibilities unknown. And they are all busily disparaging one another in pursuit of a prize and agony which only a super-egotist would accept.

Any one of them would probably make a good president under ordinary conditions. Is any big enough potentially to match the foreign competitors of Russia and China who now challenge not merely the power but the basic assumptions of the American system?

#### Will they follow the script?

Not even a candidate can honestly answer that question until he wields the awful power of the presidency. Meanwhile — since Nixon's nomination is virtually guaranteed — the election campaign at this writing is a destructive intra-party quarrel of Democratic Party personalities in preparation for a dubious convention.

Like the batting averages of baseball players, the preliminary convention figures are presented daily to the nationwide audience of a quadrennial sporting event. At Los Angeles 1,521 delegates must give 761 votes to the winning candidate, and none of the five can yet claim anything like that total in advance. As generally calculated but subject to change before summer, the spring box score gives Kennedy about five hundred votes on the first ballot, Johnson about the same, Symington and Humphrey about 170 each, Stevenson none, since he is not an official candidate but stands ostentatiously aloof, awaiting a last-minute call that may never come.

There will also be half a dozen "favorite son" or ceremonial candidates on the first ballot — local magnates in control of their states' delegations, who seek only the honor of a passing tribute. After this brief ritual they will swing their support, if they can, to one of the serious contenders.

Up to a point the Democratic professionals have arranged the schedule at Los Angeles, the movie capital, almost as if they were writing a script for Twentieth Century Fox. According to these neat stage directions, no one comes near winning on the first exploratory ballot. On the second, the favorite sons drop out and the strength of the two front runners, Kennedy and Johnson, is indicated and fully revealed, at latest, on the third.



**Light plane record-holder uses Champions!** Max Conrad set a new endurance record for single-engine, light planes last June . . . 7,668 miles non-stop! Champions sparked his Lycoming-powered Piper Comanche.



**Outboard record-holder uses Champions!** Hugh Entrop holds the world's outboard motor record with a dazzling 107.8 miles per hour. His stock Mercury outboard was powered by Champion spark plugs.



**Land speed record-holder uses Champions!** Mickey Thompson set a new American speed record of 363 m.p.h. at Bonneville Salt Flats last October. Champions sparked all four Pontiac engines in his car.



**Indianapolis "500" record-holder uses Champions!** Roger Ward set a new record at Indianapolis last year with an average of 135.8 miles per hour. Roger, like 9 out of 10 race car winners, uses Champions.

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TIME TO TRADE? FINANCE WITH A LOW-COST

**SCOTIA PLAN LOAN**

**THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA**

Neither proves strong enough to command a majority. So the deadlock is referred to the smoke-filled bedroom, that court of last resort which has so often picked a president.

There, in final denouncement, Kennedy and Johnson must break their deadlock by accepting a compromise candidate and dictating his nomination with a side deal on the vice-presidency. At this point Symington and Humphrey become serious contenders. Of the two Symington appears the more formidable, being the less controversial and, unlike Humphrey, having carefully avoided affronting any important group in party or nation.

Assuming that the script is followed so far (a large assumption) it is by no means certain that Symington can secure enough of the Kennedy and Johnson delegates to make a majority. If neither of these two men and enough of their followers are willing to accept Symington the convention summons once more that reliable catalyst, Stevenson, who counts entirely on this chance.

The party is thereby committed for the third time to a script already played twice without success. It is now so shopworn — Stevenson having spilled his splendid talents on two hopeless elections — that it will be revived only as a last resort and in desperation.

All things considered, the adding machines and mechanical brains of the Democratic Party usually produce the name of Symington, not as the ablest statesman but as the most acceptable compromise among bigger men. But politics are not mathematical and are usually incalculable.

This spring Kennedy, risking his whole future and a presidential campaign now four years old on a sudden-death gamble, is trying to upset all the current arithmetic and repeal the old taboo against Roman Catholic candidates by controlling the convention before it meets.

This is a big gamble but it may be Kennedy's only hope. He knows that he can hardly expect to win unless he goes to the convention with a majority of delegates publicly or privately pledged to him as seventeen other candidates of the two parties have done in this century. Otherwise the political weight of his Catholicism will be too heavy. His rivals will block his nomination, though they may not readily agree on an alternative.

Hence Kennedy's killing whistle-stop campaign in the presidential primaries not only to secure pledged delegates but, above all, to demonstrate by public vote that the nation at last is prepared to elect a man of his faith as it has never done before. If he is to be nominated he must prove himself to be electable before the convention meets.

A Canadian, accustomed to Catholic prime ministers like Laurier and St. Laurent, can hardly realize, until he gets into the darker recesses of American politics, the depth and potency of the religious taboo. A large section — perhaps more than half the Democratic hierarchy — believes that a Catholic cannot be elected, that the experiment of Al Smith's nomination in 1928 cannot be safely repeated.

As one of the major Democratic hierarchs put it to me: "I suppose I'll vote for Kennedy if he's nominated but it wouldn't be easy. I'm not interested in any man's religion as a private citizen but I can't help worrying about a president who might be influenced some day by a power outside this country. If it would be hard for me to vote for Kennedy what about the independent voters who swing every election?"

Kennedy cannot be written off so light-

ly. At the age of forty-two he has youth, a war record of heroism, a rumpish boyish air of idealism, one of the coldest and most calculating minds in politics, an ample store of inherited wealth, a stable of the best speech-writers and every tool of the politician's trade.

His speeches, so far, have come closest to that call for greatness which the nation so urgently requires. Its "very survival," he says, is at stake in the election. For election purposes, however, he has confronted his party with a cruel dilemma and has done so deliberately.

If it nominates him it risks the loss of the election to Protestant votes or to prejudice. If it refuses to nominate him solely on account of his religion it will antagonize millions of Catholic voters. All this Kennedy has long foreseen but, regarding himself as a historic test of religious tolerance, he has rejected the natural way out — refusing to accept the vice-presidential nomination which is his for the asking. This refusal, like many other things, may melt in the fierce heat of the smoke-filled Los Angeles bedroom.

Johnson doubtless knows more about the management of congressional politics, the art of the possible, than any man of his generation. If he is not an original thinker his abilities as a legislator are unequalled. Yet as a Southerner he carries the legacy of another taboo, never broken since the Civil War, and, like Kennedy in another context, he tests the nation's tolerance and maturity.

#### **Southerner — but no segregationist**

It will be a hard test at Los Angeles. Were he not a Southerner, Johnson would almost certainly be nominated but any Southerner is suspected in the North, where Negro votes are important, of lukewarm support for civil (i.e. Negro) rights, though Johnson has lately advocated them with vigor at the risk of damaging himself in the South.

Besides, as the general manager of the Congress, this Democrat has loyally supported a Republican president in large national affairs and, ironically enough, his high sense of public responsibility may not be an electoral asset. Under Johnson the Democratic Party might find it difficult to attack a Republican record that he has helped to make.

Despite all these obstacles, Johnson is not only a tall, rangy, handsome extrovert but an impressive figure by any measurement. He brings into this year's contest the gusto of Texas, the nostalgia of the western legend, the robust outdoor look of an old cowhand. His voice will be heard through the smoke of the bedroom.

Humphrey, with his homely, honest face, his jutting fighter's jaw, his spontaneous, high-pitched rhetoric and his honorable poverty, articulates better than any candidate the early aspirations of the New Deal. For that reason he frightens the conservatives just as his fearless advocacy of civil rights frightens the Solid Democratic South, Kennedy or Johnson, or both in combination, could stop Humphrey in the convention. They probably will.

Though intellectually pre-eminent, Stevenson suffers from the third-term taboo. He has been tried twice under hopeless conditions. He will not be given another chance, when conditions are more hopeful, unless the convention cannot find an acceptable alternative.

Symington is an obvious alternative. He alone has no specific disability and threatens no taboo. This ruddy, elegant man — the conventional portrait of self-made American success — has cleverly combined an appeal to conservatives with a pro-



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labor, pro-farmer record in congress. He has secured Truman's support by indicating the government's defense policies and promising to be tougher with the Russians.

Yet Symington hardly looks like the heir of Truman, much less of Roosevelt. Rather he looks like the possible compromise between more powerful men.

All these considerations and personalities add up to the clearest fact of a confusing election — the Democrats have failed in the last four years to produce a dominant, unchallengeable and natural

leader while the Republicans have produced Nixon.

Moreover, the available Democratic candidates are systematically undermining one another in a family row which undermines the whole party while the Republicans are united under one man. Hence the pessimism of the Democrats. They know they can carry the congress again as the established majority party but may lose the presidency by what they regard as a violation of nature's laws.

The Democrats will make Nixon's character the pivotal issue of their campaign,

probably at the risk of throwing a boom-erang. Without their help Nixon would be an issue in any case. It was as a personal issue, a storm centre and Eisenhower's hatchet man that Nixon lived and thrived from the beginning.

In one so superbly equipped with intelligence, experience and courage what is it that disturbs the ordinary voter and infuriates the Democratic politicians to the point of hysteria? Mostly it is Nixon's personal record of ruthless destruction, his little acts as a man rather than his big acts as a statesman.

Having chopped his way to the top, he commands his party as few men have ever commanded it outside the presidency. He has laboriously constructed a new, simple and folksy image to obliterate the old or, as his friends say, he has fully served his chief in a disagreeable task and can now afford to be himself, a naturally gentle Christian turning the other cheek to his traducers.

The transformation is smooth but not easy. When I saw Nixon during a recent visit to Los Angeles he was surrounded by such a super-colossal production as only the movie capital could contrive. Kleig lights beat down on him, television cameras were focused on his face, and several thousand Hollywood characters shouted and cheered him in a glittering banquet hall.

Apparently oblivious to his surroundings, he chatted with me about his youthful trip through British Columbia as casually as if we had met alone on some woodland trail.

I found him to be, on the outside at least, a charming modest man with an open, candid face quite unlike his newspaper pictures. Then followed a peculiar experience which may represent his fatal weakness as a candidate.

As the television cameras started to grind and millions of Americans watched him from coast to coast, Nixon answered the loaded, brutal questions of the press corps with an agility, frankness and perfect control of language unlike anything I had ever seen in a public man before.

That was the flaw in his performance — it was too perfect. The audience was fascinated but not moved by this man. He touched these people's minds but not their emotions. Unlike Eisenhower, whose diction is always jumbled, Nixon communicated ideas but not feelings. Anyway, I left Los Angeles convinced that Nixon would be elected president only by a negative force, the failure of his opponents. He would succeed in spite of Nixon.

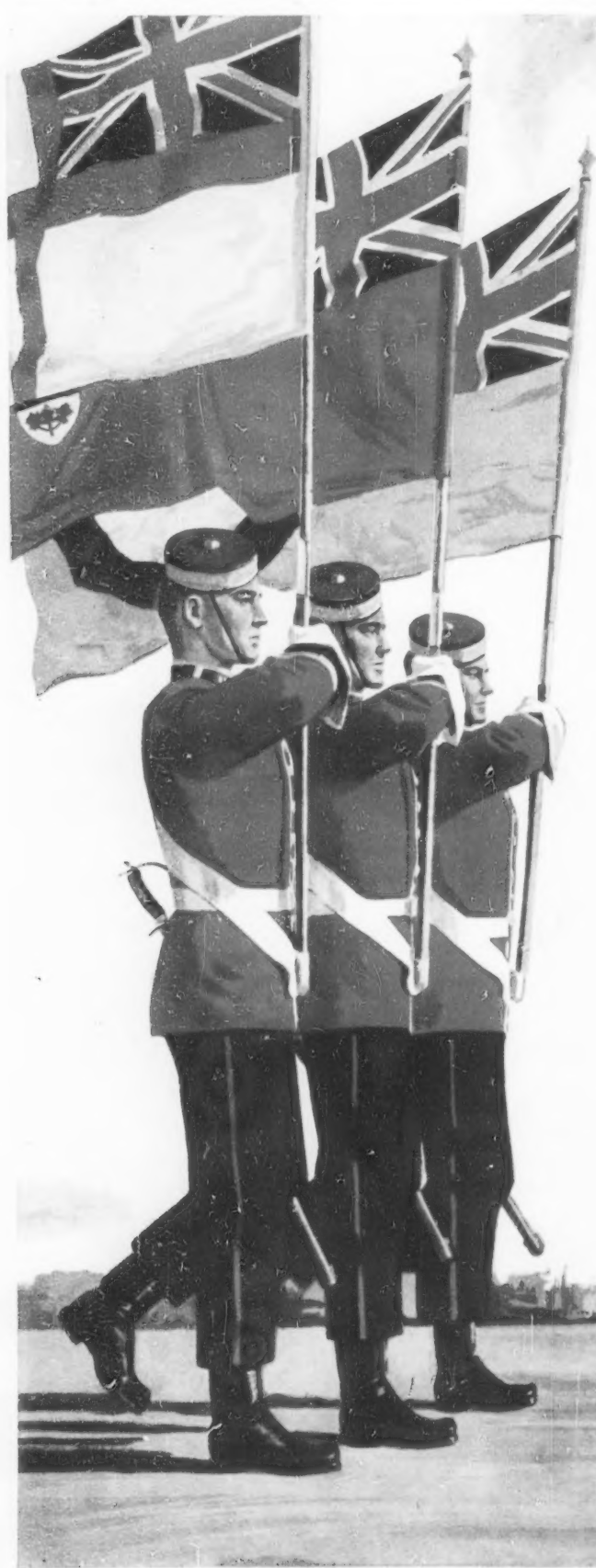
Everything I heard in Washington a few weeks ago confirmed my conviction, for what it is worth. Nobody there, among many who saw him almost every day, could explain the enigma of this public but solitary being, the most interesting fact in the election.

No Democrat of my acquaintance doubts that Nixon would make a strong efficient and decisive president — a president, moreover, who has long since accepted the New Deal after bitterly attacking it as "socialist boloney," a self-styled conservative and extremely poor man who talks more and more like a liberal and is preparing to liberalize the policies of a truly conservative Eisenhower.

His technical qualifications, in fact, are as perfect as his speech and manner but, like them, raise a mysterious psychic question: On his personal record of smear, destruction and ambition, can this man, entirely reliable in the routine business of government, be trusted in a crisis when only character will count?

The Democrats say Nixon cannot be trusted, that somehow, somewhere, sometime, he will let the nation down. After a week of this hatchet work on the hatchet man, one begins to distrust the Democrats' distrust. The sinister qualities ascribed to Nixon can hardly be in human nature, but they are enshrined deep in Democratic mythology, whose greatest asset this year is the old and somewhat tired legend of "Tricky Dick." His greatest asset, on the other hand, is the Democrats' failure to agree about anything except him.

The election is thus a profound psychological study but it is much more than



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that. It is a study in national crisis, overt and hidden.

Internally, the United States, for the first time in human history, has achieved what Kenneth Galbraith, economic high priest of the Democratic Party, has called the Affluent Society.

A non-elected philosopher, Galbraith can safely ask the public to recognize that in a new, unrecognized era of abundance the whole method of the Affluent Society must be changed, that more of its money must be spent on social capital like schools, roads, slum clearance and conservation, less on trivial luxury.

Another eminent philosopher, Walter Lippmann, can safely declare that the nation has lost its "serious purpose" somewhere along the line, can denounce the president for "promoting private prosperity at the expense of national power," can accuse him of abandoning faith in the genius of his people by his "attitude of defeatism."

The philosophers already have stirred up a national debate on the future of the Affluent Society, cutting straight across the party lines of the election debate, but no candidate for office can lightly risk the conclusion of the philosophic analysis — the conclusion of higher taxes, or economy in such sensitive areas as farm subsidies, or both.

No candidate has dared so far to disturb the comfort of a people snugly installed in Peace and Prosperity, the Republicans' most telling election cry. This refuge may be temporary and precarious but it feels good.

#### Omens of growing power

Just the same, there will be organic changes in the Affluent Society under the next president. They cannot be foreseen in detail but they will involve larger state influence over the economic system — of which Nixon's direct settlement of the steel strike and Kennedy's pleas for the poor are clear auguries. The same trend will probably be seen in the two party platforms even if they are written with the usual ambiguity. Under many disguises, things are going in Galbraith's direction.

Externally, every thinking man knows that the United States has encountered in the Russian system a competitor that was guaranteed to collapse long ago and yet is growing faster, and in a statistical sense at least, is doing much better than the American system. Every thinking man knows that if the curves of the present graph are projected forward they point only to communism's increasing success in the world struggle.

Does the electorate at large think that far ahead? Is it willing to face the wrenching decisions of policy and the actual costs of victory in the struggle? It will take a bold candidate indeed to hazard his election on such an assumption in a boom year. It will take a great president to deal with the paramount issues postponed in the election.

Behind these tangibles of policy and cost stands the ultimate, intangible question: Do the American people have within themselves the intelligence and moral power to manage a new society in explosive change at home, to meet the competition of an exploding, immoral power abroad?

Already a few men venture to ask and answer the question. While our neighbors approach the November poll, apparently in rude economic health and assured by a complacent president that their defense is equally strong, one of his Republican predecessors ventures to disagree. The nation, says Herbert Hoover, suffers from a "moral slump."

A moralist whatever else he is, Hoover sees everywhere — in crime, corruption, payola, the triviality of American life, the timidity of politicians—a malignancy that is threatening the soft, affluent body politic.

Can any presidential candidate get elected, is any willing to try, by attacking that threat surgically with the scalpel of plain, old-fashioned truth? Not likely. The volunteer surgeons are not candidates but retired statesmen, philosophers and anguished novelists like Steinbeck. But the next president will have to face up to

the fundamentals so long evaded.

After the beaming but rather tragic face of Eisenhower, a setting sun that dazzles all beholders while casting dark shadows in the background, comes the hard, mysterious face of Nixon or one of those five other faces, all familiar on every front page but truly unknown. The next president must pick up the pieces.

What does the election mean to Canada? Specifically, not much. Our old position as unofficial Democrats—because the Democratic Party used to enforce lower tariffs than the Republicans or because

the Republicans used to be isolationists—has little validity today. So far as intrinsic Canadian-American relations are concerned, one party would probably be as good to us as the other.

These calculations are too limited and short-run. In affairs more vital, in the issue of life and death for everything of value among free men, the ultimate result of the election must affect us as intimately as it affects our neighbors. Whoever he is, neither we nor any people can escape the next president, his greatness or his failure. ★



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## Mailbag

✓ **Do only morons go for TV's murder and mayhem?**

✓ **Why St. John's never had a Halifax-style riot**

**HAVE GERMS** Already Made The H-Bomb Obsolete? by C. Knowlton Nash (March 26), is frightening and shocking. The same amount of unified thinking on a plan for peace would surely come up with something constructive. I would like to see a movement started to send four young people from each county or municipality in Canada to all the far eastern countries including Russia and China and stay there a year, learning the language and living with their counterparts. Have the same number from these countries come here. There would soon be a much better understanding on both sides about what the real problems of the ordinary people are . . . The youth of today have to solve the problems of tomorrow one way or another, and the more they know about them the better they can deal with them. — S. A. THOMSON, LACHINE, QUE.

**One shorthander who's not extinct**

If good shorthand reporters are becoming extinct (Backstage, March 26) all I can say is, it serves Canada d . . . well right. I have had reporting speeds as good as anyone for years, yet, because I am a woman, I have always been relegated to



the position of stenographer. And during the last few years, solely because I am now a little more than a middle-aged woman, I cannot even get a position as a stenographer. I can take housework — if I can get that! I am utterly disgusted with most men in the business world. If a woman has ability and education, and yet is gray-haired, she is frowned upon. It is not efficiency that is wanted; it is the silly, giggling, inferior, good-looking immature females who are taken on. — DOROTHY HEWITT WHITE, VICTORIA, B.C.

**"Parents unite: TV needs cleaning"**

J. Roby Kidd deserves a gold medal. I agree wholeheartedly with his argument (It's a myth that the public's a dope, March 12). It is high time we parents demanded a clean-up job on television programs. Our TV is turned off most of the time because of pistol-shooting, saloon-running, wholesale-murder and liquor-consuming programs. It certainly takes a moron to enjoy such shows. Even the English language has been reduced to a level that requires training in the underworld to understand. Let's get together and demand what we deserve and want — a little of the finer things in life, the best there is for the average Canadian. — J. HARROLD, LAMONT, ALTA.

✓ A reprint of Kidd's article should be done in bold type and placed on every ad-man's (and sponsor's) desk. — K. R. MARSHALL, DOWNSVIEW, ONT.

✓ Kidd hits the nail on the head with a bang. — ELTON A. ANDERSON, MANSON'S LANDING, B.C.

✓ Kidd is off his rocker. — DELL WATT, COMMANDA, ONT.

**Our dull reporters**

I have just finished Frank H. Underhill's argument (If our politics are dull, blame our dull press, Feb. 27) on the lethargy and dullness of capital reporting. It was interesting and accurate but very evident that the author is using the period prior to 1914 on which to base his comparisons. Cub reporters have visions of being an editor after no more than five years' experience. The same conditions exist in every endeavor. Big business today reminds you of the Mexican Army — 12 generals and two privates. — JAMES M. MCCORMIC, VANCOUVER.

**"Japan's lesson for Canada"**

The remarkable recovery of Japan and Western Germany (Can we keep the Japanese on our side? Feb. 27) from the horrors of war is due to the inborn qualities of these people, which thank God the war has not destroyed: Their love of work and technical skill. Contrast this with the Canadian character. When I came to Canada as a young man from Victorian England, I was working on a farm. Another young man who was working with me, straightening his back, said, "Only fools and horses work." What an expression, I thought, from a young man in a young country! It merely increased my already profound contempt of Canadians. Small incidents like this beautifully illustrate the national character. — H. TEEVAN, BRACEBRIDGE, ONT.

**One photo found**



Yes, I can date this photo (Mailbag, March 12). I was there. This picture was taken on Jasper Avenue in Edmonton and the year was 1913. The man in the gray topper was the Duke of Connaught, the first Duke and the first gray topper I ever saw. The car in which the Duke is riding was the best in town (naturally) and belonged to Tom O'Donnell, of the Yale Hotel. It was not fully paid for — mighty little around Edmonton was at that time. We all owed more than we were worth and the banks transferred all their managers out of town so new managers whom we did not know turned the heat on us after the war started in 1914. We were never poor, only broke. — FRANK R. COUTANT, INVERNESS, FLORIDA.

**One photo misplaced**

In the article The \$3 Million "Party" That Wrecked Halifax (March 26), you spot the streetcar in the doorway as on Barrington Street. It looks more to me like Brunswick, at the foot of Cogswell. — G. GREENOUGH, MONTREAL.

✓ This particular accident had no connection whatever with V-E Day; it was caused primarily by a city power failure and it took place on a hot midsummer day. I was on the streetcar when it first started to roll backwards down the hill. — D. S. MCBEAN, SWIFT CURRENT, SASK.

✓ Just because the sailor had fought an all-out war for six years, and been robbed, gypped, spit upon and beaten up in Halifax, they started a riot. The wonder is that they had the patience to wait until the war was over. There were lots of navy boys in St. John's, Newfoundland, and on the west coast on V-E Day but there were no riots in these places simply because the people treated them like human beings and not enemy invaders. — H. L. RAMSAY, WINNIPEG.

**Do homework at school?**

Re How To Help Your Child Do Better in School (March 26): Why does a child have to be burdened with two or three



hours homework at all? Why couldn't the children stay another hour in school each day and do all their school work inside the expensive schools which have been built all over Canada? This would also relieve many parents of their unpaid tutoring chore . . . — M. CASH, SAINT JOHN, N.B.

**John Steele's mettle**

By way of a footnote to A Visit With Patricia Joudry And John Steele (March 12): A few years ago I was a shut-in. As a therapeutic effort, I was struggling to establish a photographic business. Having read a transcript of an address by John Steele, I wrote asking further explanation of some point. John Steele took time out from his busy life to encourage me, coach me and check my work. He urged me to come to Toronto and specialize in child photography and solved my financial problem by inviting me to use his studio, his staff and his facilities free until I could establish myself. Even then I was an admirer of the work of Patricia Joudry but not until I read your article was I aware that she was Mrs. John Steele. It is nice to discover that two of my favorite stars are bound together by the same golden band. — R. A. BOND, ALMONTE, ONT.

**Those Scottish Indians**

C. E. Purnell, Hamilton, Ont. (in Mailbag, March 12) tells of having been informed while visiting Caughnawaga, the Indian reserve near Montreal, that Chief Poking Fire was "no Indian but a Scotsman." You, of course, cited a Caughnawaga authority, who stated that the chief was truly a "full-fledged band member." However, there are members of the Caughnawaga reserve who could easily pass as Scots. Some years ago, meeting an Indian, I was astonished when he suddenly addressed me in a Glasgow accent that Harry Lauder would have envied, saying, "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" Noting my surprise, he laughed, then explained that he had once worked in the shipbuilding yards at Clydebank where the framework of the gigantic ocean liners gave him and his fellow Indians opportunities to show their skill and sure-footedness. — ANDREW PATTERSON, MONTREAL. ★



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL 23, 1960

## SKILL AND 'KNOW-HOW'



Izaak Walton in his "Compleat Angler" recommended as good bait black beetles kept in a mixture of earth and honey. Quaint as it seems we like to remind ourselves that he proved his recipes in practice. To the rather different business of estate planning TGT also brings time-tested practical experience and thoroughness. Why not have a talk with our officers about your estate. You'll get conscientious guidance without charge or obligation. Just telephone or write our nearest office.

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## Parade

### You just can't flatter some women

**Spring millinery note:** The clerk in an Ottawa store was paying almost no attention to the customer whom she was supposed to be helping select a hat. As the customer peered at herself uncertainly, wearing her third try, the clerk murmured soothingly "Lovely, Madam—it really makes you look ten years younger." At which her twenty-year-old customer flung down the hat and marched off.

\* \* \*

**Spring golfing note:** A young couple in Vancouver with a new baby girl aren't going to let her spoil their favorite sport. She goes with them to Stanley Park when



they play. He holds her while his wife tees off, she holds her while he does, and baby gets passed back and forth all around the course.

\* \* \*

**Spring fever note:** Sign on the door of the general store in Aberfoyle, Ont., on the Guelph-Hamilton highway: "Closed for the afternoon—just tired."

\* \* \*

Along with sleet and rain and snapping dogs, neighborhood postmen have to worry about the social niceties, too. One postie in New Glasgow, N.S., found himself delivering quite a number of very small envelopes all addressed in the same hand, and by the time he'd popped most of them into letter boxes, he was wearing a troubled look. Then one woman happened to meet him at the door, and beaming at sight of her little envelope, exclaimed, "Oh—I see I'm getting an invitation to Mrs. Brown's tea."

The postie beamed, too, with relief. "Now I know why there wasn't one for Mrs. Brown," he sighed. "I thought I must have lost hers."

\* \* \*

A patient Ottawa schoolmarm was threading her way along in her car through the usual morning traffic when an ambulance turned into the street she was on, let a scream out of its siren and went scooting away through the hole that ma-

gically cleared ahead of it. Obeying any driver's most natural instinct she automatically fell in behind it and made much better time. In fact she was just coming out of her normal traffic daze to realize she was hitting quite a speed when a police cruiser whipped up beside her and the cop yelled through his open window, "You following that ambulance?" Well, she was, wasn't she? So what could she do but nod her head and, when the cop waved her on, just chase that ambulance as fast as she could!

\* \* \*

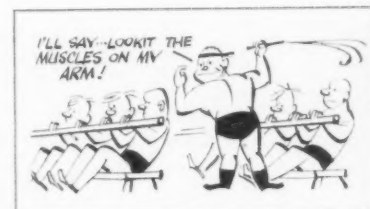
A Regina insurance salesman who covers his territory by foot didn't feel like standing on the crowded home-bound trolley buses when it came time to knock off for the day. So he boarded an empty bus going the wrong way and gladly paid the extra fare at the end of the line, in order to have a seat for the long trip across town. He'd just settled back, waiting for the bus to start, when the power failed. Half an hour later, he climbed wearily out of the immobile bus to start the long walk home.

\* \* \*

If you're energetic and ambitious but don't want to work any harder than necessary, there's a great opening for you advertised in the Winnipeg Free Press: "Manufacturer's representative wanted to represent top, nationally known Montreal blouse and sportswear firm for entire West Coast excluding B. C. . . ."

\* \* \*

Movie-goers who survive the four hours of Ben-Hur have a time deciding whether more human agony is portrayed in the galley-slave episode or the chariot



race. But at one Toronto showing while the galley slaves were being whipped to ramming speed during battle practise, an old lady was heard to whisper to her friend, "I think it's good exercise."

\* \* \*

Victoria police believe not only in making the punishment fit the crime but also in making the handcuffs fit the miscreant. The department recently ordered four new cars, according to the Colonist—three standard models to replace three old cruisers and "a second small car for use of the juvenile department."

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awareness, his great humanity, he helped the whole of Western thought take a giant stride forward into the modern world.

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